

How we're poisoning
our FOOD
our AIR
our WATER

By Alan Phillips

COVER BY FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE The Mackenzie Delta

The anatomy of a
HORSE RACE

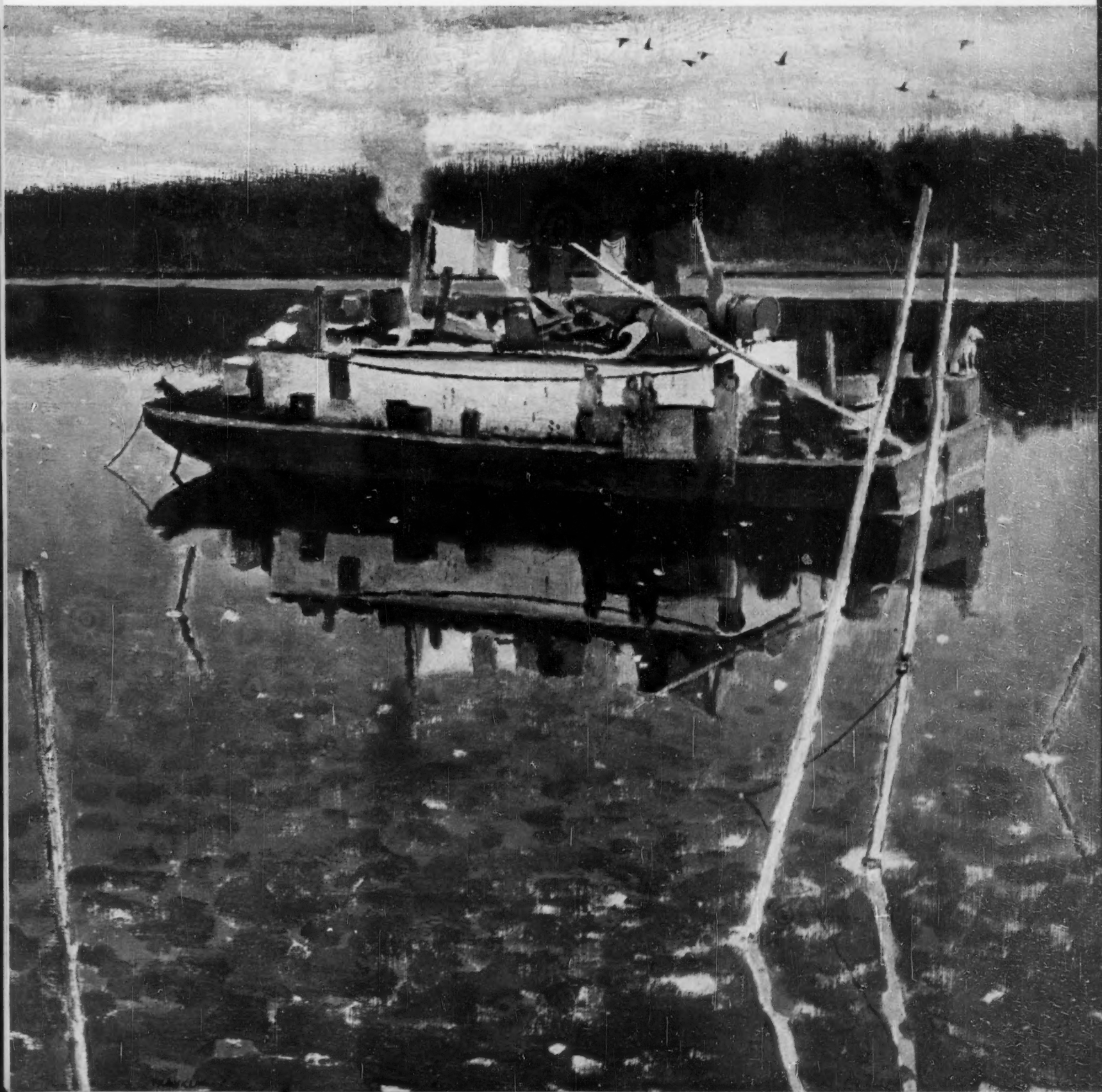
Marika Robert discovers
JOYCE DAVIDSON

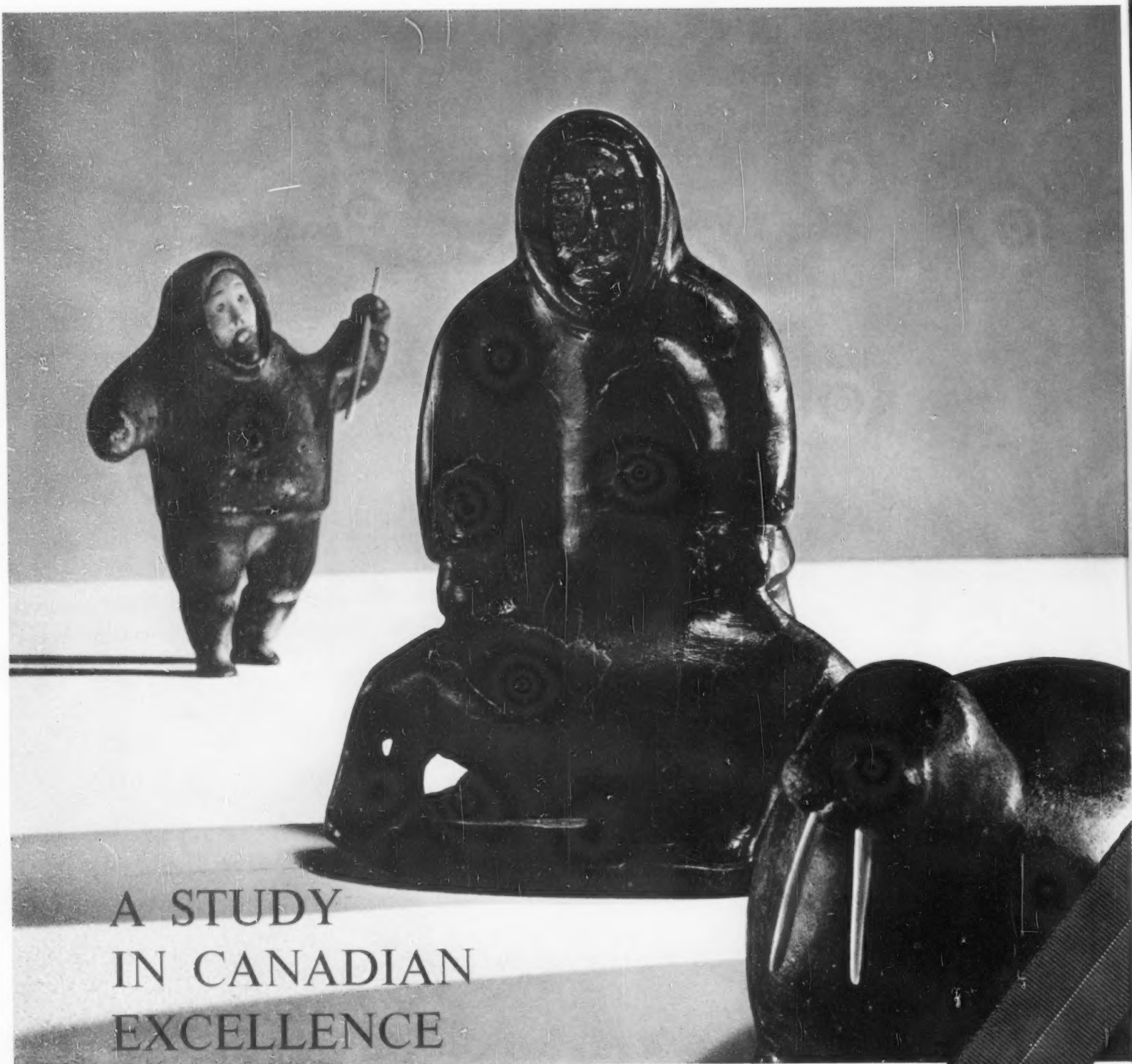
MACLEAN'S

SEPTEMBER 10, 1960

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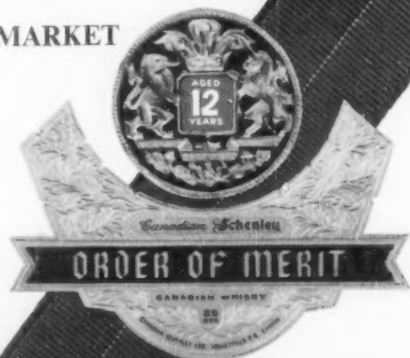
A STUDY IN CANADIAN EXCELLENCE

Carvings such as these have always been an essential part of the hunting culture of the Canadian Eskimo.

THE ONLY CERTIFIED 12-YEAR-OLD CANADIAN WHISKY ON THE MARKET

Canadian Schenley Order of Merit comes to you after 12 full years of quiet, unhurried ageing. It is the ultimate in fine Canadian whisky . . . offering you the results of patience, the rewards of time: the exquisite bouquet and excellence of flavour that only great age can bring.

Canadian **Schenley**
ORDER OF MERIT
CANADIAN WHISKY



Canadian Schenley Ltd. "Distillers of Certified Aged Whiskies...made from Canada's Finest Golden Grains."

How druggists hope to squelch cut-rate competition

STILL SMARTING from recent bad publicity over prescription prices, druggists in several provinces are preparing for a new attack — from discount drugstores.

Cut-rate drugstores aren't new. Edmonton and Calgary have Pay-n-Save drugstores; so has Winnipeg, where the Man-with-the-Axe and Ellerby and Hall Chemists also thrive. In Ontario, Honest Ed's, a Toronto discount department store, has a section run by a cut-rate druggist; and Lord's Super Value Stores have discount outlets in Toronto and Kitchener selling many lines of remedies.

A typical discount drugstore does only a cash-and-carry business. It won't take phone orders, give advice about products, make deliveries or permit exchanges or refunds. It's closed evenings and holidays and won't open up even for an emergency purchase. But a customer who knows exactly what he wants — and can get there during store hours — can save up to 40%; a prescription costing \$3.75 elsewhere may cost him as little as \$2.25.

In the past, few conventional druggists worried about cut-rate competition. But now the industry is buzzing with rumors that Lord's will try to expand with 50 new outlets across Ontario and western Canada, and that these, unlike its two present stores, will dispense prescriptions.

Lord's president, Joseph Sugarman, won't confirm

the rumors of expansion, but he makes no secret of his wish to add dispensaries to his Ontario outlets. He's sharply critical of the laws — policed by the Ontario College of Pharmacy — which (a) require drugstores to be owned by pharmacists and (b) permit only drugstores to sell an item containing a drug.

"This is detrimental to the consumer," Sugarman says. "These items cannot be sold outside the pharmacy, yet they are sold in the self-service departments of drugstores. They could be sold elsewhere more cheaply, if it weren't for the law."

Lord's expansion could touch off a round of price-cutting, but established druggists hope to confine it to cosmetics and sundries — items they can promote in their front windows. Meanwhile they're considering other ways of keeping discounters from luring away their customers:

Bringing pressure to bear, through their associations, on druggists Lord's will need for its new dispensaries. "We try to convince the man he's hardly operating in the best interests of all concerned," explains John Turnbull, secretary-manager of the Canadian Pharmaceutical Association. But these tactics failed to stop Honest Ed's from getting a druggist to set up his own business within the store.

Taking legal action against discounters suspected of breaking drug laws — even on minor technicalities. The Ontario College of Pharmacy has already laid

two charges of selling drugs against Lord's. One case is pending; the other, now under appeal, was dismissed by a magistrate because one of the items (containing the drug hexachlorophene) was a mouthwash available in any supermarket.

Pressuring wholesalers to quit supplying the discounters. They could do this by refusing to buy from the same wholesalers or by refusing to handle the same lines the discounters are selling. But discounters cut off from wholesalers could bring action under the retail-price-maintenance law and meanwhile could probably get some conventional druggists to do their buying for them — for a commission.

Launching publicity campaigns emphasizing the reliability of established druggists. (Most people in the discount drug business, says Turnbull, "are not particularly high class.")

Though established druggists agree they won't cut prices across the board, they can't agree on whether these other tactics will be necessary.

"Somewhere along the line," predicts Bill Labow, president of the 115-member Independent Retail Druggists Association in Quebec, "something will go wrong and the whole discount setup will flop."

But P. W. Goldman, vice-president of Plaza Drug Stores, an Ontario chain, says: "Discount drugstores are established in the States, and the trend will probably follow here."

Football forecast: the Grey Cup will stay in Winnipeg



ON THIS PAGE last year and the year before, Trent Frayne correctly predicted which teams would play for the Grey Cup. This year, he goes a step farther to predict the Grey Cup winner as well. Here's how he thinks the teams will fare:

WEST: Despite the loss of quarterback Jim Van Pelt (the U.S. Army drafted him) Winnipeg will come out on top of the WIFU for the fourth straight year, mostly because of its fine Canadian defensive players. You hear a lot about offense in football, but it's the defensive unit that wins or loses games. A baseball analogy: no collection of home-run hitters can compensate for a weak pitching staff. Winnipeg coach Bud Grant has a strong defense, plus an effective offense controlled by Kenny Ploen, Van Pelt's successor.

BUD GRANT: his Bombers have it both ways.

Behind Winnipeg? Calgary—as long as coach Otis Douglas can harness impulsive quarterback Joe Kapp, probably the most exciting player in the west. Calgary, too, is tough defensively (their Don Luzzi is the best tackle in the WIFU). Calgary will thus keep Winnipeg from dominating the league as consistently as in other years, but the real struggle will be for third place—between Vancouver and Edmonton. Vancouver will take it by a shade. B.C. quarterback Randy Duncan, who lacked mobility last year, is now running well and allowing opponents to pick off fewer of his passes.

Edmonton, having added little to its declining power, will finish fourth. Regina, though last, will show some surprising spurts—enough to jar stronger teams out of complacency.

EAST: Ottawa and Hamilton are almost sure to reduce the Big Four to a

Big Two fight—which Ottawa will win. Hamilton has defensive power like Winnipeg, but too many key Tiger-Cats are getting old (one guard, Eddie Bevan, has already retired; another, Vince Scott, has been at it for 10 years).

Ottawa, on the other hand, should sail through the season using the same men and tactics — including Canadian quarterback Russ Jackson — that produced nine wins in the last 10 games of '59.

Toronto stands little chance of finishing better than third unless it can buttress a woefully weak defense. Montreal, short of Canadian substitutes, should have little trouble cinching last place.

The Grey Cup? Winnipeg will take it for the third year in a row. Ottawa, weary from the eastern final against Hamilton, won't be up to snuff.

Portable art gallery / Jobs in the Congo / Latest dirty word: motel

CAN PAINTINGS BE SOLD with photo listings, just like real estate? Two young Toronto salesmen think so. Don Race, 26, and Dick MacDuffee, 27, have formed Canadian Art Associates and are building up a file of 35-mm color slides of paintings by Canadian artists. To show off their wares, CAA salesmen will take the slides — and portable screens and projectors — into prospects' homes. Artists will pay nothing for listings, standard commissions for sales.

WHILE ESTABLISHED DRUGGISTS get ready to battle discount drugstores (see above), Canadian merchants along the U.S. border are warming up a campaign to ban duty-free shops catering to U.S. tourists. One shop is already in business at Hill Island, 24 miles up the St. Lawrence from Brockville, Ont. The owners, International Resort Facilities, are said to be planning at least four others in Ontario — at Niagara Falls, Sarnia, Sault Ste. Marie and Windsor — and one at St. Stephen, N.B. A duty-free shop keeps imported

goods in bond, delivering them to U.S. customers' homes — thus avoiding Canadian duty and sales and excise taxes. Retail merchants view duty-free prices (30% to 40% cheaper) as unfair. The B.C. government recently kept two duty-free shops from opening near Vancouver and Victoria.

LOOKING FOR A JOB? — or a 25% return on your money? Try the Congo. Economists there say Canadians, especially French-speaking ones with a head start on the language problem, stand a good chance for managerial and Congolese government jobs. They also believe that, despite the present turmoil, UN occupation plans make investments a good bet.

ADVERTISING PITCHES are due for subtle shifts in at least two fields. In tourist ads, most motels will begin calling themselves "motor hotels," "inns," "houses" or "lodges." Why? A public relations man explains: motel has become a dirty word because of "unscrupulous operators catering to

guests who are minus luggage and minus marital status." And TV commercials for shampoos and hair tonics will begin obliquely warning women against baldness. The American Dermatological Association says it's on the increase among females past adolescence. Some suspected causes: tight hair curlers, pony tails. Average age of women who are going bald: 40.

STUDENTS WHO ALMOST DROPPED OUT of high school in Victoria last term will be back in the classroom this fall — learning the basics of shop-work and business procedure. Victoria school board began the occupational training program a year ago with 28 boys who had no job qualifications but were going to quit school anyhow. After a term learning office routines and shop practices, the boys divided their time between class instruction and part-time jobs. Of 23 who finished the course, 10 decided to return to regular classes and nine signed up for more specialized training. This year, there'll be a class for girls too.

BACKSTAGE

AT OTTAWA with Peter C. Newman

The PM's election role: the Paul Revere of Canada



JOHN DIEFENBAKER'S MINISTRY has finally snapped out of the inertia that weighed it down during much of the last parliament. There's a fresh sense of excitement among Ottawa's Tory strategists as they debate the prime minister's plans for a revision of emphasis in his approach to Canadian voters.

The full effects of the new policy won't be visible until Diefenbaker hits the hustings in the next general election campaign. But the groundwork will probably be laid in the throne speech that will open the next sitting of the House this fall. Despite earlier guesses that few radical measures would be introduced to combat winter unemployment, it's now expected that the new session will be asked to vote on a major job-creating federal expenditure program, its size dependent on the gravity of the unemployment outlook.

Aside from straight anti-recessionary measures, legislation will probably be introduced that will form part of Diefenbaker's proposed new election appeal: the Tories are planning to capitalize on the uneasiness of many Canadians about the increasing domination of the United States over this country's economy.

The decision to portray Diefenbaker in the next campaign as an angry crusader against the excesses of American profit-taking from our resources is partly the result of a shrewd assessment by his advisers of the prime minister's effectiveness on the hustings. When he's been on the offensive, attacking the sins of the Liberal government, he clearly established himself as one of the greatest vote-getters in the history of Canadian politics.

His performance as a defender of policy is less impressive. In the next election campaign, he will of course be attacking the Liberals again, but this time only in a negative way — blaming them for the errors of their various stands in opposition. That kind of attack doesn't garner many votes. But Diefenbaker plans to stay on the offensive, and one of his prime targets will be the Americans who invest in this country without even attempting to become what the prime minister calls "good corporate citizens."

The national development policy that became the controversial "vision" of the 1957 and 1958 election campaigns will probably be replaced by a straight national policy that will lay down — through new laws as well as oratory — an astonishingly strong line of domestic economic sovereignty.

Diefenbaker's approach to American-Canadian relations is colored by his image of himself as the greatest champion of Canadian rights since Sir John A. Macdonald. The literature issued by the Conservative party has already been painting the Liberals as being soft on the Americans. Says a recent pamphlet: "The Liberals were, for good reason, the opposition party for most of the first thirty years of Confederation. They opposed Sir John A. Macdonald's national policy . . . later they so completely lost faith in Canada's economy that they endorsed a type of reciprocity with the U. S. which was immediately hailed by the Americans as the first step towards annexation."

The next Tory campaign will stress that throughout Canadian history the Conservatives alone have stood up against the economic ambitions of the United States — first by rejecting reciprocity, later by establishing the imperial tariffs, and now by introducing legislation to limit the devouring of our profitable enterprises and resources.

The line will be emphasized most strongly in Quebec, where the Tories will have to fight without the help of the Union Nationale's electoral machine. They will stress that if any threat to the long-term survival of French-speaking Canada exists, it now comes from the U. S., not Britain.

All this does not mean that Diefenbaker plans to become a sort of beardless Castro, carelessly flinging about invitations for the Yankees to go home. The Tories are perfectly aware of the importance to Canada of the continued inflow of American investment funds, and they don't plan to endanger economic relations between the two countries. They're relying, in part, on studies that have been submitted to the prime minister extending the findings of the ten-year-old Paley Commission Report on the long-term inadequacy of U. S. natural resources. These show that the

Americans, in many instances, soon will have to come here for their raw material supplies. They can't pull out.

The Tory policy really amounts to an admission that since we can't buy back the sixty percent or more of the economy we've given up to the Americans, we might as well try to get the maximum benefit out of our squatter's rights.

The emphasis rather than the theme itself is new for Diefenbaker. He has repeatedly urged U. S. parent companies to make available to Canadians shares in their Canadian subsidiaries. Since the voluntary appeals have failed, the government now plans a tougher approach.

It amounts to the same thing, but the legislation aimed at U. S. investment in Canada is expected to be drafted to give advantages to those companies that agree to Canadianize, rather than to punish those that don't. Measures being discussed include tax incentives for American companies to spread ownership of their subsidiaries among Canadians. There's also talk about amendments to the Companies Act, requiring the Canadian subsidiaries of American corporations to publish separate financial statements. Another idea is a system of tax incentives for subsidiary companies to originate export business from Canada rather than from their parent organizations.

Some fairly tough anti-American measures have already been passed by the Diefenbaker administration. One 1957 amendment introduced a law requiring the majority of the directors of Canadian insurance companies to be Canadian citizens, and gave them the power to prevent transfer of corporate control outside the country.

The new oil-lease laws for the Yukon and Northwest Territories specify that holders must be Canadian citizens, or companies either listed on Canadian stock exchanges or with a fifty percent Canadian interest. When Alvin Hamilton, minister of Northern Affairs, discussed these measures in the House during his estimates in the dying days of the last session, he called them just the first step in a drive to increase the domestic ownership of Canadian resources. He predicted new devices that would "increase, accelerate, and safeguard Canadian investment in the equity ownership of its resources development" and significantly added that in such undertakings the role of government must be "dynamic, not passive."

Diefenbaker rarely sits in the House during the debates on estimates. But he kept popping in and out of the chamber during Hamilton's remarks, until finally, breaking his own precedent, he rose to participate himself. His off-the-cuff speech was a strong attack against the behavior of American investors. "We say," the prime minister affirmed, "that foreign investment in Canada must fully regard Canadian industry, Canadian interests and Canada's economic destiny . . . we have the right to ask that full account be taken of the interests of Canadians in the policies which are followed in the direction and use of that capital . . . we ask, in general, that companies investing in Canada—United States companies—should not regard Canada as an extension of the United States market; that these companies should be incorporated as Canadian companies, making available equity stock to Canadians."

Just as the Liberals occasionally paraded before the voters as the champions of Canadian independence by tweaking the tail of the British lion, so the Tories now plan to pluck some of the American eagle's tail-feathers. ★

BACKGROUND

Juvenile delinquency: who says it's worse than ever?

MORE ABSOLUTE NONSENSE is written and spoken about juvenile delinquency than about any other social problem in Canada today.

Professor Kenneth Duncan of the University of Western Ontario has come to that conclusion while producing a sociological paper on delinquency. What bothers him most is that "people who should know better" offer arguments on delinquency that are based not on facts but on such myths as:

PLAINT: Juvenile delinquency is at a higher level than ever before.

FACT: Today's youngsters are more law-abiding than their parents were as teenagers. In 1958, the last year on record at the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, convictions of juveniles numbered 67 for every 100,000 population. That's higher than in 1957 (53) or 1952 (43), but far below the peak year, 1942, when there were 100 convictions per 100,000. Conviction rates for '58 are also lower than in the depression (69 per 100,000 in '32) or in the post-World War I period (70 in '22).

PLAINT: Violence among teenagers is more rampant than ever.

FACT: Violent crimes—murder, manslaughter, rape, wounding and various kinds of assault—have never amounted to more than 3½% of all juvenile offenses, and they've been declining relatively since '43.

PLAINT: The worst offenders are in tough juvenile gangs.

FACT: "There aren't any such gangs in Canada," says Duncan. At least, he adds, not like the tough Harlem gangs with their warlords, bicycle chains, zip guns and elaborately staged battles. Teenaged groups sometimes clash, but newspaper tales of gang fights are "largely the imaginings of a sensation-hungry public fed by a willing press."

PLAINT: Most types of juvenile crime are on the increase.

FACT: Only the crimes listed by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics as "offenses against property with violence" (these include armed robbery, but not murder, assault or other bodily violence) are more frequent than in the '20s, and even they are lower than during World War II. (Only eight juveniles were brought to trial for armed robbery in '58.) The most

common juvenile crimes (theft, receiving stolen goods, arson, malicious damage) have also declined since '43.

PLAINT: More juveniles are committing crimes without being caught and punished.

FACT: Police bring a greater proportion of juvenile suspects into court today than they did 10 years ago. In 1949 the Dominion Bureau of Statistics began recording juvenile "occurrences"—minor offenses not important enough to warrant court action. Then there were 11,000 of these. In '58, there were only 4,000. But meanwhile the proportion of all juvenile suspects brought into court increased; and, usually, 9 out of 10 were convicted. In the face of this increased court activity, the decline in delinquency convictions is even more remarkable.

PLAINT: There would be fewer delinquents if more offenders were strapped.

FACT: "The great decline in delinquency rates," Duncan points out, "covers precisely the period in which corporal punishment was least used. It is pos-

sible to argue that rates would have declined even faster if the strap had been used more; but this is beyond proof and runs contrary to the opinion of almost every penologist of note on the continent."

PLAINT: More delinquents today are getting off with just warnings.

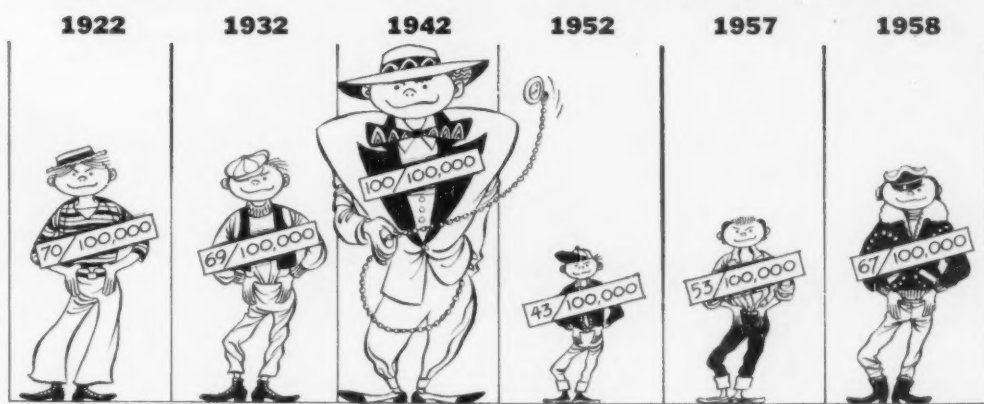
FACT: In 1928, magistrates scolded 1,093 youngsters for committing major offenses, then let them go. (Minor cases weren't recorded.) In 1958, only 443 youngsters got off simply with scoldings for all types of offenses, major and minor.

PLAINT: Too many juvenile offenders are let off when they should be locked up.

FACT: In the '20s only one convicted delinquent in 10 was sent to a training school; today, it's one in five.

Why so many misconceptions about juvenile delinquency? Duncan isn't sure, but there's one mistake he thinks many Canadians make: assuming the situation in Canada is the same as in the U.S., where delinquency apparently is a serious and growing problem.

Convictions of delinquents per 100,000 population



Hamilton's hot debate over a property owner's rights

DOES A CITY have the moral right to take away a homeowner's property and sell it to a private company? Does the homeowner have the right to hold out for his own price? What if the company employs thousands of people, pays hundreds of thousands of dollars in taxes and needs the property to thrive and expand?

In Hamilton, Ont., Mrs. Stella Morris held on for 18 years to two houses and lots that stood back to back beside the huge Dominion Foundries and Steel Co. mills. While Dofasco bought up 144 other pieces of land around her, Mrs. Morris repeatedly refused the company's offers.

In 1942 she turned down a Dofasco offer of \$500 for a 10-foot strip along the north side of her lots.

In 1947 Mrs. Morris, living in one house and renting the other, sued the company for \$500,000 for impairing her health with the noise of its slag-crushers. In court she compared the din to the cannon she had heard in her native Poland in World War I. She got \$1,000 damages but spent \$3,000 in legal fees. Soon her husband John was pleading with her to sell. They quarreled, and he moved out. She divorced him.

In 1957 Dofasco offered \$9,500 apiece for the lots. By then Mrs. Morris had posted her own terms on signs on both porches:

PROPERTIES FOR RENT
ONE HUNDRED FIFTY
DOLLARS PER MONTH
NINETY-NINE YEARS
LEASE RENT IN ADVANCE

This price, presumably for both properties, worked out to \$178,200—cash.

Last October Dofasco made its final offer: \$16,500 apiece—as much as it had paid for any other neighboring house and lot. Mrs. Morris refused it. This June, Dofasco asked Hamilton board of control to expropriate under a 1959 provincial act that gives the city the power to acquire lands that do not conform to zoning bylaws. (The whole area is zoned as industrial land.)

The petition touched off bitter debates inside and outside the council chamber. Council members argued over whether their power to "acquire" land meant power to expropriate. Most thought it did. Those who didn't were backed by seven Hamilton lawyers who followed the case closely. One of them, Harold A. Minden, said the ambiguous provincial law provides "an opportunity for viciousness."

Jack Pennacchietti, spokesman for a delegation of homeowners, complained: "If council expropriates Mrs. Morris' property we'll feel that nobody's property is safe."

Ald. James Murdock argued against "letting the company use this council as a club to this woman's head." Ald. Ross Fischer retorted: "Failure to expropriate will hamstring one of the city's best industries."

"The good of all Hamilton transcends the good of the individual," echoed Ald. Malcolm Cline.

Frank A. Sherman, chairman of Dofasco, pressed the argument in more concrete terms: his company, by expanding 400% in 10 years, had provided 2,000

new jobs and increased its city taxes by more than \$500,000. Now Mrs. Morris' houses were blocking the essential "straight-line flow" of his steel-finishing operation. Dofasco, he said, must have the land—or shrivel.

The fight within council ended at 1.40 a.m. on June 29, when a vote of 13-7 approved expropriation.

But the city did not expropriate. Six days later, with the bylaw still to be approved by the Ontario Municipal Board, the board of control sent two of its members, Jack MacDonald and Archie McCoy, to see Mrs. Morris (who had attended none of the council meetings). They warned her she would be locked out of her house within 30 days. "For the first time," she recalls in her broken English, "I am really scared." Then her brother, Mike Zablotsky, pleaded with her to sell.

Two days later, she accepted Dofasco's offer of \$33,000. As a gesture that was not part of the deal, Dofasco bought her a \$6,000 lot five miles away and is now moving one of her houses to it. The other house is being razed. The board of control called it "a complete and satisfactory settlement." Mrs. Morris doesn't agree. "After they (the city) take my houses away, what else can I do but sell?" she asks.

And Harold Minden raises the question that he and other lawyers intend to put to the Canadian Bar Association and to MPs and MPPs, while pressing for repeal of the provincial law: "How did the council dare to do such a thing to a citizen of this city?"

—MARJORIE FREEMAN CAMPBELL

COMMENT

EDITORIAL: Let's not let politics distort the issue of nuclear weapons

FOR THE FIRST TIME since World War II a real political issue is developing in Canada — no mere name-calling contest or vote of non-confidence, but a genuine and profound difference of view on a question of great importance. The question:

Should Canadian forces be armed with nuclear weapons?

Our own answer is a flat unqualified no, not in any circumstances whatever. We believe that though some things justify war, nothing can justify nuclear war with its threat to the survival of the whole human race; that nuclear war can be and must be prevented, and that the first step toward preventing it is to stop planning to wage it.

We know our opinion is shared by many Canadians, but until lately they were scattered among all political parties. This is no longer so. The new Liberal defense policy is a near approach to this position, and the CCF's an even nearer one; it seems likely that before the next election both opposition parties will have adopted it completely. Only the Conservatives (if the minister of National Defense can be taken as their spokesman on defense policy) still adhere to the line once accepted by all, that Canadian troops should be armed and deployed like the rest of the NATO forces in Europe, which means they must use the tactical nuclear weapons of the United States.

Maybe this massive political support for a cause we endorse should make us happy. Actually, it frightens us. Political debate is too often of a kind that inflames but does not illuminate, and political attitudes once struck tend to freeze solid. Our real hope is that, within the next year or two, the rejection of nuclear arms will become common ground for all parties. With that in mind, we have two suggestions for those who think as we do.

First, let's all keep our tempers. Let's never forget that every Canadian politician, like any other Canadian citizen, wants above all things to prevent nuclear war — the argument is solely about the best way of

doing it. Let's remember that the object of argument is to make a man change his mind, so let's not mock him when he does so. L. B. Pearson, the Liberal party leader, frankly told parliament he had changed his own mind on this vital issue within the past twelve months. If the government also changes its mind (some of its members are said to have done so already) this is no cause for reproach.

Second, let's apply the same principle abroad. Canada cannot determine whether or not nuclear war breaks out; that decision rests mainly with two great powers, at the most with four. Canada's task is to influence the great powers as best she can.

Canada has an entrée with the United States and Britain that makes her influence considerable; this entrée is sure to be impaired, and could be destroyed, by Canadian refusal to bear nuclear arms. The refusal will mean, for example, that the Canadian brigade will have to come home from Europe — it now forms part of an Anglo-American force that is deployed on the new tactical concept, whereby a brigade holds as much territory as used to be held by a division. If the Canadian troops are not to bear nuclear arms, they'd merely be in the way in a nuclear-armed force. The same applies to the Canadian air division.

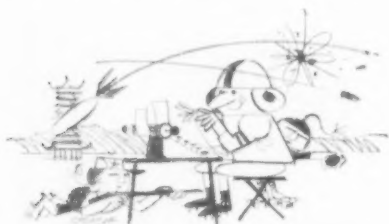
These and other similar things will have to be done, but they should be done carefully, soberly, with maximum care that minimum damage should be caused to Canada's relations with her great allies. Rejection of nuclear arms may be one service to the cause of peace, but another — perhaps equally important — is to retain the privilege Canada now enjoys, of a fair and friendly hearing with two of the great nuclear powers.

This last point should be remembered especially by committees for disarmament and similar bodies of good intention. To join in communal choruses of the Pharisee's prayer — "We thank Thee, Lord, that we are not like those stupid war-mongering Americans" — may do wonders for the Canadian ego, but it does less than nothing for peace.

MAILBAG: How a sports writer covered the Far East / "No segregation" in Shelley, B.C.

In Ray Gardner's amusing story of the football mania in Vancouver (How football madness hit Vancouver, Aug. 13) reference is made to my assigning Annis Stukus to cover Matsui and Quemoy. The impression is left that Stukus wrote the story frivolously, projecting the idiot football fixation into a Far East-

ern setting. In fact, as a reading of Stukus' series will confirm, he proved to be a capable, serious and conscientious correspondent and may even have broadened the horizon of the meatheads whose little world is bound by the stands of Empire Stadium—
JACK SCOTT, THE VANCOUVER SUN, VANCOUVER.



in City Hall Park to protest the compulsory alert. When the sirens went off over 500 of us risked jail and stayed in the park. The police officially "arrested" all 500, but since they had only three wagons they were able to cart off a mere 26. — D. E. COHEN, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Shelley has no Little Rockers

When Will Canadian Schools End Their Segregation? (Preview, July 16) puts our small community of Shelley, B.C., in a very unfair and untrue light. The facts are: Shelley is across the Fraser River from an Indian reserve. A school was built in Shelley in 1923, and since almost all of the intervening time we have had Indian children attending school here. Most of the children from the reserve, however, have attended the Resident Indian School at Lejac, about 100 miles west. This school has far more to offer to the Indian children than our own one-room school. When two of the Indian children were home from Lejac for the 1959 Christmas holidays, their mother broke her leg. These two children came across the river to stay with their married sister, who lives on the Shelley side. She has a son, a clever boy, who attends Shelley school and she thought that her two brothers might just as well go to school here, too. However, the parents of the Shelley school immediately objected, and properly so, as these two boys had shown themselves to be undesirable students. Any parents would object to them, and of the parents of Shelley school children, several were Indians, and objected with the rest. At no time did we object to these children because they were Indians. We have always had In-

dian children in our school and no one objected to having them. As far as we know, the school board branded us as "Little Rockers" without investigating our protests... — MRS. HELEN MCLEAN, SHELLEY, B.C.

Hazards of good "pernunciation"

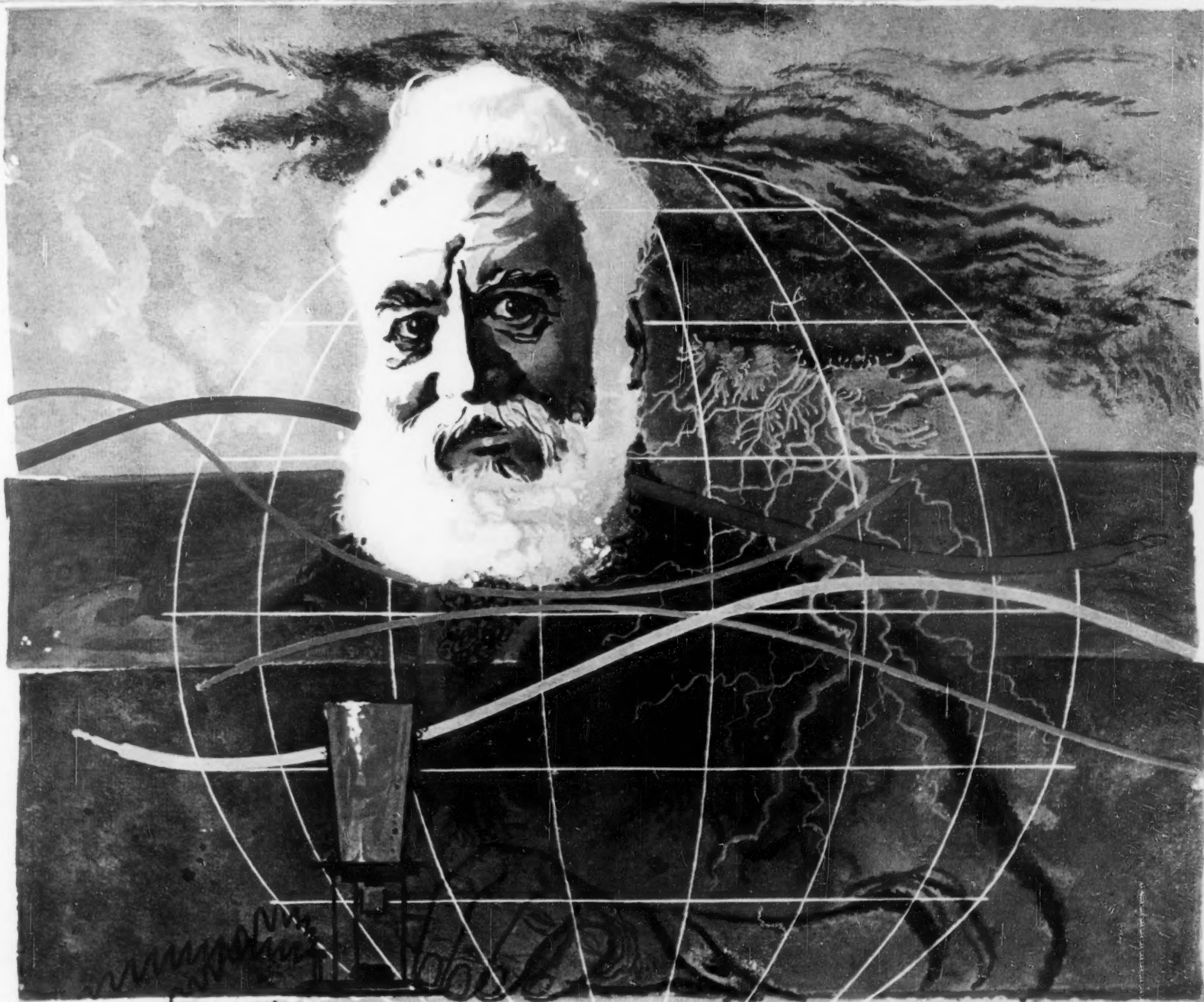
Jack Paterson's Argument, Let's Stamp Out All This Correct Pronunciation (Aug. 13), affected me in a strange way. To be succinct, my larynx seemed to contract and the congestion in my bronnickle-toobs could only be relieved by inhaling the fumes from hot ash-fault wrapped in old noosepaper. I also ran a slight temperchewer. Paterson's argument was tre-



mendious. There's nothing clanderstein about old Jack; he comes right out and says what he thinks. But then, I guess that's his prerogative and may even be his speshiality. — LAMONT TILDEN, ISLINGTON, ONT.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 76

PEOPLE MAKE THE DIFFERENCE...



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

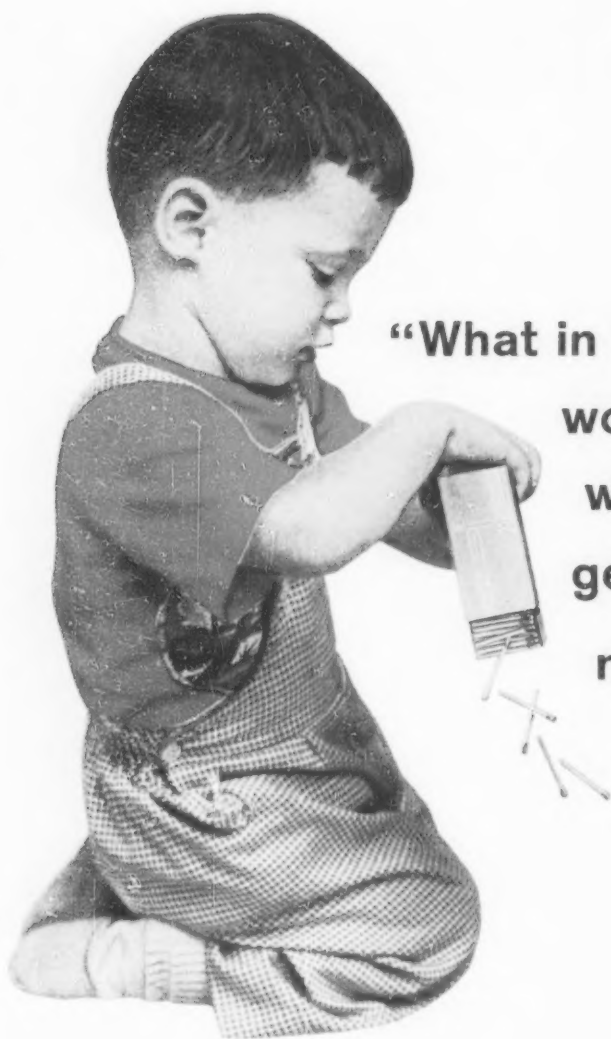
Above all, he was a humanitarian. Skilled in the schooling of those with speech and hearing defects, his preoccupation with the human voice and its transmission led him into the mysterious world of electricity and ultimately to the invention of the telephone.

Heralded as one of the greatest visionaries in history, Alexander Graham Bell . . . teacher, scientist and inventor . . . was consumed by an insatiable curiosity and an intense desire to find "a better way". Even though his course was constantly strewn with the obstacles of ridicule and public scepticism, his youth, enthusiasm

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The life and deeds of Alexander Graham Bell serve well to graphically illustrate one great, yet simple, truth. In any age . . . past or future . . . the efforts of people . . . individual men and women . . . make the significant difference. This is our philosophy at "The Bank". We are proud of our personnel and consider them to be our greatest asset. That is why we can say with conviction that *people make the difference at The Toronto-Dominion Bank.*

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get into
next?"

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Keep all potentially harmful substances in their original containers. Don't transfer them to unlabeled containers, particularly those that are meant to hold food or beverages.

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CONTENTS

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PREVIEW

- Preview: Fight over discount drugs / Football forecast 1
Backstage: The PM's election role; the Paul Revere of Canada .. 2
Background: Juvenile delinquency: who says it's worse? 3
Comment: Let's not distort the nuclear-weapons issue / Mailbag .. 4

ARTICLES

- POLLUTION: A THREE-PART NATIONAL SURVEY Alan Phillips 13
The FOOD we eat 14
The WATER we drink 16
The AIR we breathe 17
Marika Robert discovers Joyce Davidson 18
My brief career as a divorce detective Catherine Jones 20
Anatomy of a horse race Peter Gzowski 21
THE LIFE OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL — PART TWO:
The twisted trail that led to the telephone Thomas B. Costain 24
Like the Eiffel Tower? I own it John Gray 26
Memoirs of a Stratford press agent
Mary Jolliffe as told to Hal Tennant 28

DEPARTMENTS

- For the sake of argument
We're not being fair to West Germany Peyton V. Lyon 8
U. S. Report
Canada finally joins the Western Hemisphere Ian Sclanders 10
Sweet and Sour...30 Movies...36 Jasper...38 Parade...80
Canadianecdotes...52, 72 The story behind the statue...66



THE COVER

Painter Franklin Arbuckle reports on far-northern houseboats: "I saw this floating home in one of the channels of the Mackenzie delta. The Indians live aboard during the summer. They carry fuel oil in the drums, and pack all kinds of gear including toboggans."

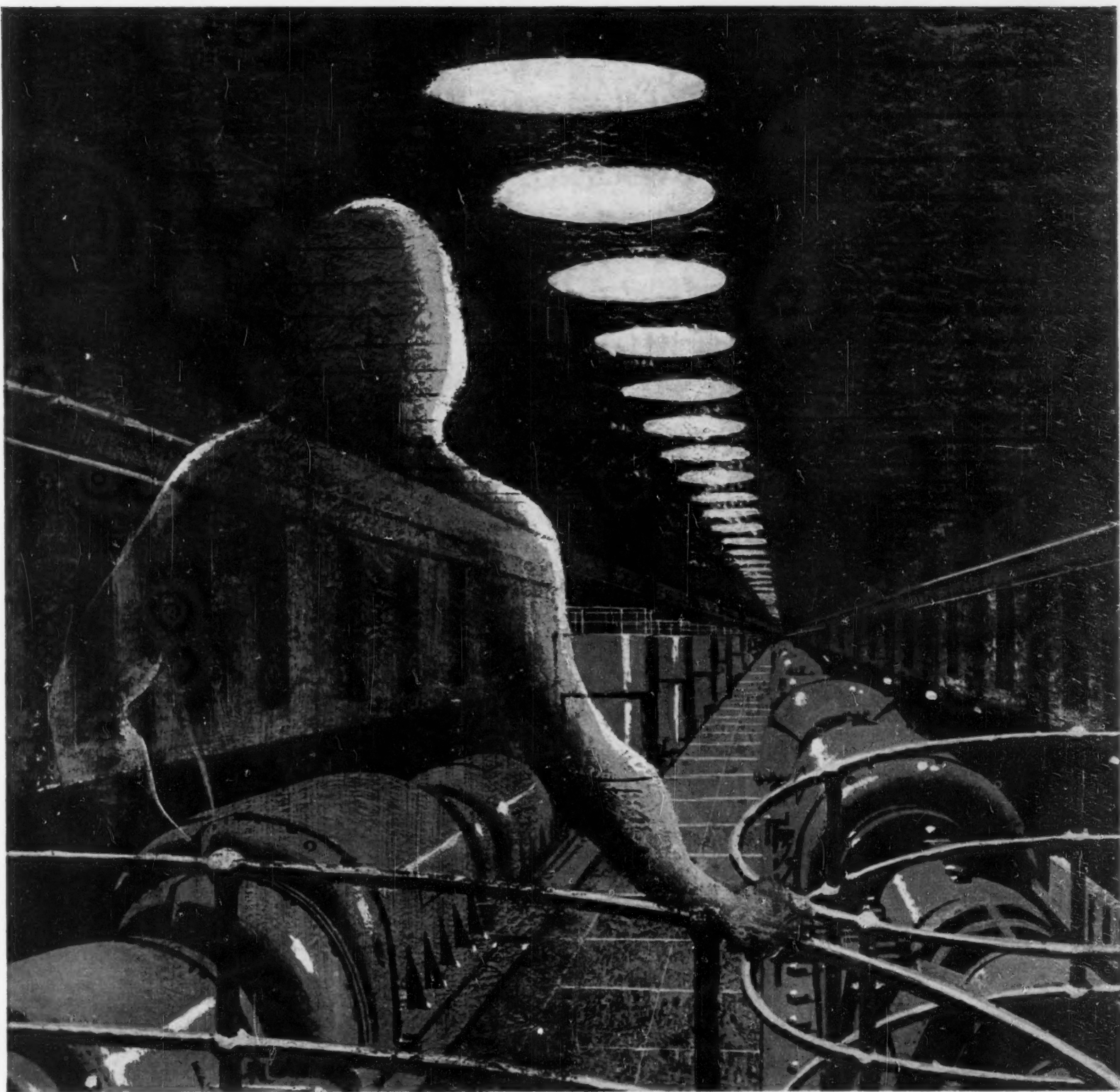
PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

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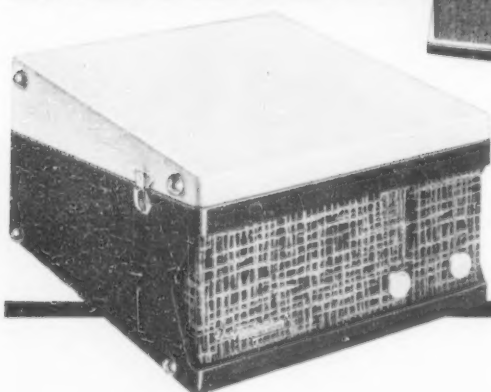
Leaders in Industry rely on Shell



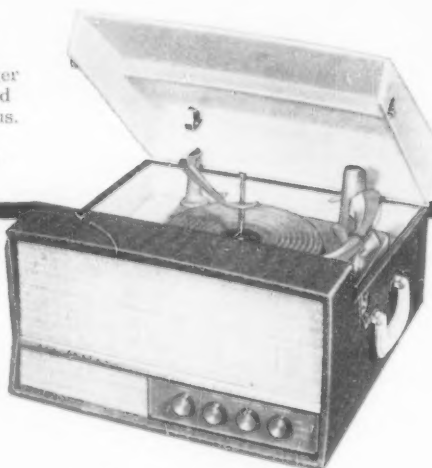
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For the sake of argument



PEYTON V. LYON SAYS

We're not being fair to West Germany

While I was on the staff of the Canadian Embassy in Bonn (1954-58) my main task was to study and report on the German political scene. I then thought that the Canadian press gave too glossy a picture of Adenauer's new Germany, and I did what I could to point out the blemishes to visiting reporters.

Now, however, the pendulum has swung far — too far — to the other extreme. It has become fashionable for Canadian papers and the CBC to portray West Germany in the worst possible light. We are being given a frightening picture of reviving militarism, renewed trickery, and the return to power of hordes of unrepentant, vengeful Nazis.

In the last few weeks I have read in Canadian newspapers, or heard on CBC broadcasts, the following statements about West Germany:

- That there are, in Chancellor Adenauer's cabinet, men who were members of the "Nazi régime."
- That there are "a thousand Nazi death-dealers" now sitting as judges in West German courts.
- That "Nazi militarism is back" — and also that it is *not* back and West Germany is refusing to pull its weight in western defense.

These are seriously inaccurate charges. They provide a misleading picture, one whose consequences could be to encourage in Germany the very developments we most fear. It may be un-British to hit a man when he is down; it is surely the ultimate in stupidity to prop him back up on his feet, thrust a loaded gun into his hands, and then heap unwarranted abuse on his head. Yet that is precisely what we are doing to the Germans.

What are the facts concerning the rebirth of German militarism? The West Germans are rapidly becoming our strongest ally on the European continent, the core of the NATO shield. They are even receiving nuclear weapons, al-

though the warheads are to remain under U.S. control. I don't like this situation; it doesn't suit our interests — or the Germans' — to make the German army so strong that Germany's neighbors again have cause to fear. This is especially true of the Poles and Czechs, who are thereby encouraged to cling even closer to their Muscovite big brother.

But it was we — not the Germans — who insisted that they re-arm. They have done so reluctantly, at a slower pace than requested by their NATO allies. Even more indicative of the German mood is their consistent and ardent support for a thoroughly integrated European army — an arrangement that would rule out the possibility of independent military action. It was the French who scuttled this constructive proposal, partly because the British didn't give it enough support. Had we heeded the Germans, we should now have less cause to fear German militarism.

A recent issue of the *Toronto Globe and Mail* unconsciously illustrated the German predicament. The lead story was devoted to Senator David Croll's passionate warning against reviving German militarism. Inside a correspondent complained that the German defense buildup "is distressingly slow..." For the Germans, it is clearly a case of "we're damned if we do, damned if we don't."

"The Nazis are back!" is a charge with even less substance. True, many officials who held office under Hitler still occupy responsible posts. It would have been exceedingly difficult to re-establish the German state entirely of green-horns or the few members of the resistance to Hitler who survived the Gestapo. But the fact is that "Nazi," even "nationalist," is a label of abuse in contemporary Germany and a serious handicap to the politically ambitious. The vast ma- **CONTINUED ON PAGE 68**

DR. LYON, NOW A PROFESSOR AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO, IS A FORMER OFFICER OF THE DEPARTMENT OF EXTERNAL AFFAIRS.



Harrington Forest Farm, by Harold V. Green, Photography-Microscopy Group of the Pulp and Paper Research Institute of Canada.

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U.S. REPORT

BY IAN SCLANDERS

Canada finally joins the Western Hemisphere

WASHINGTON — In the storeroom of a magnificent white-marble building in Washington, there's a chair with Canada's name on it. The building, which has an open-air tropical garden that can be covered in the winter with a glass roof, is the House of the Americas, headquarters of the Organization of American States. The chair, unless the political prophets are wrong, will within the next few months be moved from the storeroom to the council chamber — a chamber in which the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere have been settling their differences for years.

If Canada joins the OAS, as now seems certain, it will be because of urgent pressure from the U. S. and a number of Latin American countries. Ironically, just before World War I, Canada was an eager candidate for membership but was rejected on the grounds that it lacked the clear-cut authority to make treaties. Apparently the chair dates from that period.

Any doubt about Canada's power to make treaties was eliminated by the Statute of Westminster in 1931, which granted complete autonomy to the partners in the British Commonwealth. But by then Canada was disinclined to involve itself in the weird, wonderful, emotional, musical-comedy world of Latin American affairs.

Until recently, there was no particular reason for getting involved. The United States, by far the largest, strongest and richest of the twenty-one republics, stood high in the esteem of all of them. Like the rest, it had only one vote at OAS meetings, yet it was able to exercise great influence over what was done. The U. S. took it for granted that its turbulent southern neighbors would have revolutions once in a while, but it managed to prevent these from spreading.

And there was no threat to the Monroe Doctrine, under which the U. S. has insisted since 1823 that Latin America must be kept free from military conquest from overseas and from the extension of overseas political systems incompatible to American interests.

Lately the situation has changed drastically. For one thing there has been a sharp and sorry slump in U. S. prestige in Latin America — a slump dramatically reflected by the angry riots that marked Vice-President Richard Nixon's Latin American tour and by the increas-

ing bellicosity of Fidel Castro.

For another thing the Russians and the Chinese have entered the picture and the Monroe Doctrine, after 137 years, is being seriously challenged. Russia has said it will defend Cuba against U. S. "aggression" with missiles and has completed a trade pact with Castro. China has signed a similar trade pact and the Chinese deputy minister of foreign trade, Lu Hsueh-chang, in a broadcast from Havana, declared that "Yankee imperialism is reaching its end in Latin America" and that the Chinese will support the Cubans in fighting it.

Nobody in Washington is naïve enough to believe that the plummeting popularity of the U. S. in Latin America and the appearance of the Russians and Chinese on the scene are unrelated. The Communist strategy was to assure themselves a welcome by igniting a latent anti-U. S. sentiment. They found a fair amount of fuel.

We're "lovers of peace"

For instance, the discrimination against Negroes south of Mason and Dixon's line hasn't endeared the U. S. to the Latin American lands with a heavy proportion of Negro blood. Nor have the Mexicans ever quite forgotten that the U. S. seized Texas from them. And the relations of some big U. S. corporations with Latin American states in which they have vast holdings have been less than ideal.

Canada, on the other hand, is not known for discrimination against Negroes. The only war in this hemisphere with which Canada is ordinarily identified is the War of 1812, against the U. S. itself. And although Canadians direct a number of large companies in Latin America, this country's economic operations have not generally been on a scale that could lead to charges of exploitation.

La Prensa, of Buenos Aires, one of the most widely respected Latin American newspapers, has said: "If Canada's entry becomes a fact, and it is sure that there will not be a vote against this, the OAS will be enriched by the moral strength of a people who are lovers of peace and justice."

There's a feeling among Latin American experts in Washington that if Canada assumes an important role

CONTINUED ON PAGE 79



AVOID THE COLD RUSH... *Winterize in September*

Car owners who attend to the needs of their cooling systems in September avoid the trouble which can start by driving an extra month or more with sluggish, slow-moving coolant. September is the most convenient time for cooling system care. Summer is over. The children are back at school. The family car has a chance to catch its breath after a long hot summer of punishing use. Vacation and summer week-end driving place an extra strain on all parts of your car, especially the cooling system.

Make arrangements now for complete winterization with your dealer. He is an expert on cooling system maintenance and will have the time to

thoroughly check hoses, thermostats, fan belt and all other parts of the system. He'll flush and clean rust and sediment from your radiator before filling with fresh antifreeze for all winter protection.

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FASHIONS BY TINA LESER



**Be Sociable,
Have a Pepsi**

Refresh without filling



POLLUTION

BY ALAN PHILLIPS

A frightening assessment
of the unfriendly world
man has created by his
systematic poisoning of
the **FOOD** we eat
the **WATER** we drink
the **AIR** we breathe

SCIENCE, IN THIS CENTURY, has so increased our comfort that doubt in progress is possibly the cardinal heresy. We eat better, live longer, enjoy better health. Soon we will realize man's age-old aim, control of our environment. These are our basic tenets of belief.

Science has made optimists of us all. "As a matter of cold, hard fact," says Dr. John D. Porterfield, U. S. deputy surgeon-general, "we are closer to putting man on the moon than we are to creating a thoroughly healthy and pleasant environment on this earth . . . We are being forced by circumstances beyond our control into the strange, complex and mysterious world of chronic diseases and toxic environmental hazards."

Even as medical science was conquering infectious disease, the degenerative and chronic diseases were rising. A forty-year-old today can count on only two years more life than his predecessor could in 1900, though more of us drag our illnesses into old age. In a revealing document called the Medical Testament, six hundred British doctors indicted "a lifetime of wrong nutrition" as the main cause of disease today, and one major fault of modern nutrition is the profusion of chemicals we put into our food.

We eat, drink and breathe chemicals in such minute quantities that poisoning is almost impossible to prove. Lacking incontrovertible proof, many scientists shrug off the problem; some do so, indeed, with pride in their objectivity. Often they sound like organization men.

Dr. John Zapp Jr., a du Pont toxicologist, says poisons are here to stay. We must learn how much we can safely take and then stop fussing; life is complex and will get more so. No responsible scientist would deny the risk to health in using chemicals that have not been fully tested. But one group thinks that a little daily poison is justified by the economic gains. The other thinks the price is too high.

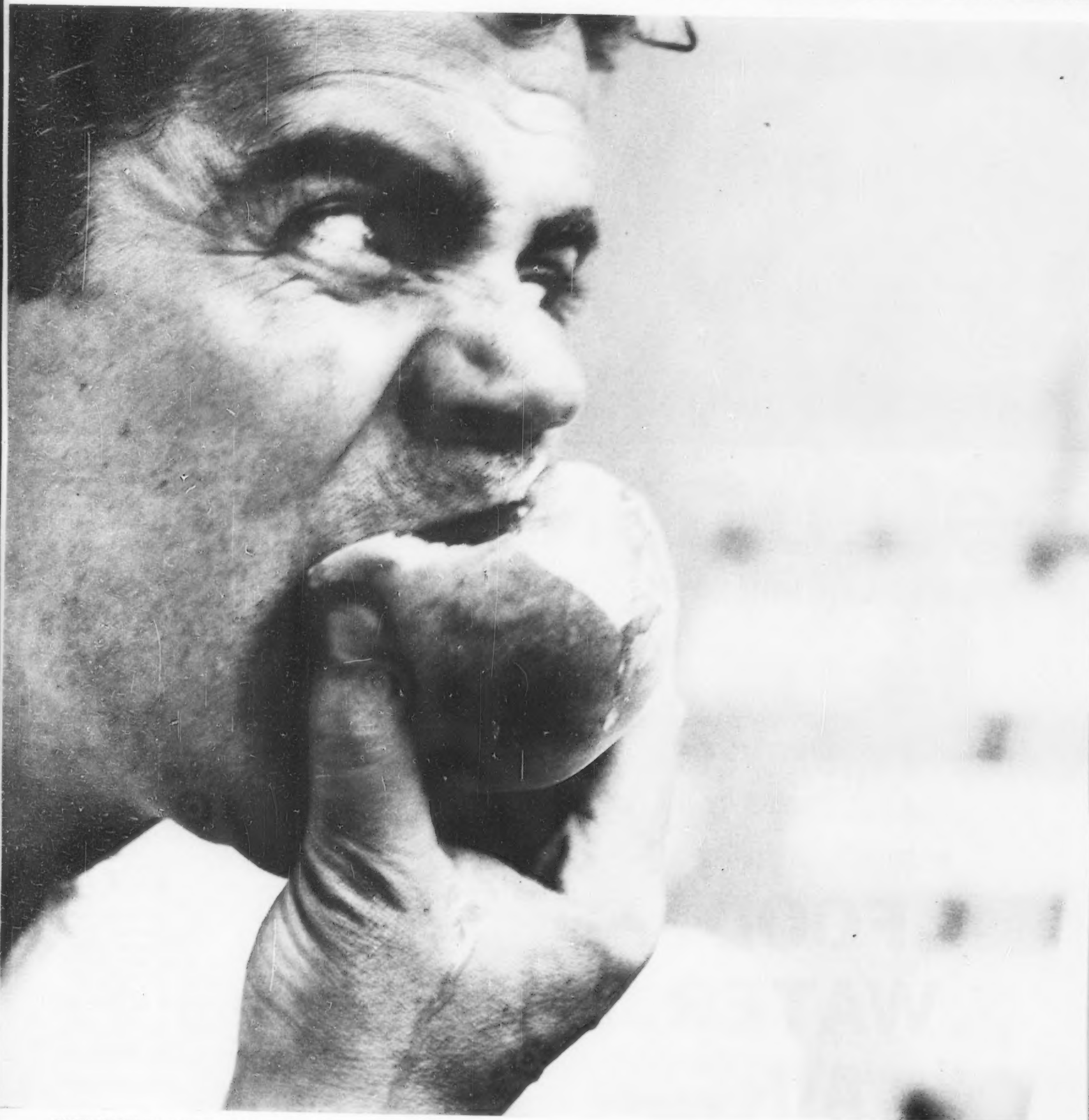
Science, in its dazzling, bewildering fecundity, has forced blind faith on the scientist as well as the layman. As the physiologist Alexis Carrel warned, "Men of science do not know where they are going." Each expert who supervises the poisons in food, air and water allots us what he judges, by experience and testing, to be safe. No one has ever measured our total intake of poisons.

"We know very little," says Dr. Peter Hamill, of the U. S. Air Pollution Medical Program, "about lifetime exposures to minute quantities. (The problem) . . . threatens to assume ever-larger significance to those of us who are concerned about the probable health effects of our brave new chemical world."

For Alan Phillips' searching, three-part study of the poisons that pervade man's environment, turn the page.

FOOD

WE'RE POISONING OURSELVES



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL ROCKETT

WITH PESTICIDES, PRESERVATIVES AND "IMPROVERS"

We add only tiny quantities of poison to our food, but no one knows what quantity is "safe"—and meanwhile, degenerative diseases are on the rise

OUR FOOD TODAY contains, at best guess, more than three thousand chemicals. Among them, in minute quantities, are some of the most powerful poisons known to man.

At every meal we swallow dozens of substances that serve as thickeners, thinners, curers, maturers, moisteners, dryers, bleaches, deodorants, anti-oxidants, anti-foaming and anti-caking agents, alkalizers, neutralizers, disinfectants, fungicides, herbicides and insecticides.

Meat, fattened with sex hormones, may be flavored, preserved, dyed or tenderized with any of thirty different chemicals. Fourteen dyes brighten natural colors. Fourteen hundred factory-made flavors duplicate natural tastes. Peanut butter is stabilized, cheese has a mold inhibitor, pickles are kept chemically firm, bread is chemically softened. The rich aroma of butter in baked goods is probably diacetyl. The tang of orange may be cyclohexyl acetate. Saccharin substitutes for sugar, emulsifiers for butter and eggs.

None of the new test-tube products, each more convenient, longer-lasting, more appealing than its predecessor, can harm man, asserts our Food and Drug Directorate (F&D). Its duty, states the associate director, Dr. L. I. Pugsley, is "to ensure . . . that the harmless nature of each new chemical is adequately established before its use in foods is permitted." F&D's head of food chemistry, Dr. Douglas Chapman, says, "We're not aware of any harmful ingredient in food or we'd ban it."

Seven years ago F&D banned coumarin, used for seventy-five years to make artificial vanilla. Experiments with rats showed that small amounts cause liver damage and it was later found to stop blood from coagulating. Coumarin's harmless nature, it seems, had been less than adequately established.

In 1946, the British research physician, Sir Edward Mellanby, discovered that nitrogen trichloride, used to age wheat flours, caused running fits in dogs; after thirty years' use it was forbidden. Mineral oil, used for years in salad dressings, was blacklisted following proof that it hinders the body's absorption of vitamins — though it's still allowed as glazing for raisins and candy. Dulcin, used for fifty years as a sweetener, was finally tested in 1950; 0.1 percent in the diet, reported

a U. S. Food and Drug bulletin, gave rats cancer of the liver. F&D's reassurance, in truth, has little meaning. F&D was swamped years ago by the postwar torrent of food additives "considered," says Dr. Pugsley, "an essential part of progress."

"There is virtually no toxicology (the science of poisons) on any of them," says Dr. Frederick Knelman, a Montreal food chemist. "We do the best we can," says F&D's director, Dr. C. A. Morrell, "with 324 people — about a hundred in the labs — but we couldn't test them all with a thousand people."

Testing takes two to seven years, sometimes several thousand animals. It calls for continuous feeding of the chemical in the food of rats, mice, rabbits, dogs or guinea pigs. What is safe for them is presumed safe for us. Both assumptions could be wrong, but no one has yet suggested, in public, that poisons be tested on people.

Most testing is done in the U. S., from where most new products emigrate. As far back as 1951 Sir Edward Mellanby lamented that Britons are "in the undignified position of having often to rely on the decisions arrived at in the U. S. before policy or action can be determined." In Canada, admits Dr. Morrell, "we rely on the U. S. heavily."

U. S. law, until 1958, prohibited poisons in any amount, but George Larrick, commissioner of the U. S. Food and Drug Administration (FDA), has conceded that enforcing the law has often been impractical. His research staff, he said in 1955, had such a backlog of work that they couldn't catch up.

A subcommittee of Congress investigated this situation from 1950 to 1952 and again in 1957. Of the chemicals used in food they found 428 to be safe, 276 known but untested, and a large number existing in limbo, officially unrecognized. Declaring that consumers were playing the role of guinea pigs, chairman James J. Delaney campaigned for a law that forces food companies to prove chemicals safe *before* they use them. It came into effect last March (when the deadline was extended to give food companies more time for testing).

Canada promptly followed suit. "We sent industry on April 18 a list of 250 additives known to be safe," says Dr. Morrell. "We asked them to tell us of any others they're using by October 1."

"If they don't," adds Dr. Chapman, "they'll have to make out a full, detailed, expensive submission proving that each chemical is safe."

The matter, then, would seem to be in hand — except that "safe" is a most ambiguous term in food technology. To determine what is safe for us, testers first find the toxic dose of a product, the amount that kills half the test animals. Then they reduce it to study the long-term damage to organs and tissues. "If we make them sick with, say, 200 parts of chemical per million of food," says Dr. Morrell, "we wouldn't allow in human food more than two parts per million." "All toxicologists around the world are agreed that's a good margin of safety," declares Dr. M. G. Allmark, F&D's chief toxicologist.

This tolerance system, or safe-dose concept, means that every day we are eating poison in tiny quantities. We can eat piperonal, a louse-killer, with our ice cream. With heavily smoked herring we swallow as much as one percent formaldehyde. A vanilla substitute, guaiacol, can cause cardiovascular collapse. Ethyl acetate, which gives baked goods a pineapple flavor, can cause ulcers. Sodium cyclamate, used as a sweetener, can cause kidney damage; so can amyl alcohol, used as a brandy flavoring.

"Poison is an imprecise term," says Dr. D.

Morison Smith, F&D biologist in charge of flavorings. "Something may be harmful at one level and harmless at another. You could call salt a poison, because if you eat a pound of it you'll die. Take a pure oil used as flavoring. That's diluted sixty or seventy times with alcohol. Then you put a few drops of that in baked goods. The homeopathic idea is that a little bit won't hurt you."

This view is far from unanimous. "A number of responsible people, both doctors and laymen, feel uneasy about this situation," point out Sir Stanley Davidson and his collaborators in the monumental Human Nutrition and Dietetics (1959). Dr. A. J. Lehman, the chief toxicologist for the FDA, tacitly admitted the danger a few months ago. He explained that flour could not be treated with nitrates because "there is sufficient strain on the body mechanisms to handle the present load of nitrate and nitrite ingested in cured meats." (Sodium nitrite, which preserves the fresh red color of meat, briefly robs the blood of oxygen.) "Most of the organs in the body can be injured a great deal before we become actually sick," warned Dr. Anton J. Carlson, late physiologist of the University of Chicago.

While defending the safe-dose concept, FDA Commissioner George Larrick told Congress, "There is always a residual risk in permitting use of even small quantities of poison in foods to be consumed by the young, the old, the sick and the well." Under the tolerance system, he conceded, there is "virtually no limit to the expanding list of chemicals that may find their way into our food supply."

As more and more poisons in "harmless" amounts are introduced into food we may be overloading the organs that have to detoxify them, mainly the liver. In 1957 cirrhosis of the liver became one of the top ten U. S. killers. Hepatitis, another liver disease, is increasing steadily. After twenty years' research, Dr. Tom Spies, chairman of the Department of Nutrition and Metabolism at Northwestern University Medical School, concludes that the degenerative diseases so prevalent today result from chemical disturbances.

"Since the last war," writes U. S. research physician Morton Biskind, "there have been a number of curious changes in the incidence of certain ailments . . . A most significant feature of this situation is that both man and all his domestic animals have simultaneously been affected . . . This coincidence alone should have roused suspicion that something new . . . has been operating in their environment." This, Biskind thinks, is the pesticides, of which the most widely used is DDT.

When DDT was introduced for insect control in 1945 it was thought to be harmless to animals and man. In 1950, FDA announced that "the potential hazard of DDT has been underestimated," but agriculture officials on both sides of the border continued to recommend it. F&D allows a tolerance of seven p.p.m. — seven parts of DDT per million of produce may remain on most fruit, grain or vegetables after spraying.

In checking almost five thousand samples of produce for DDT, says F&D's pesticide expert, Dr. W. P. McKinley, "we found only one percent over tolerance." A much larger sampling in 1956 in the U. S., whose produce we import, found 11.9 percent of the samples over tolerance. But "even nine p.p.m.," says McKinley, a chemist, "is a good safety margin."

An FDA experiment with rats, however, shows liver damage with daily feedings of only five p.p.m., and DDT is everywhere. When hay, alfalfa and corn stalks with seven or eight p.p.m. of DDT on them were fed to cows in U. S. tests,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 51



WATER

**WE'RE BLIGHTING OUR RIVERS AND LAKES
WITH THE WASTES OF MAN AND FACTORY**

**Montreal is an island in a sea
of sewage—from which it gets its
water supply**

FIFTY MILLION YEARS or more before man crawled from the water the white ant solved two problems, nutrition and waste disposal, in one masterstroke of chemistry. It treated its wastes to make them palatable.

Man, evolving in ever-enlarging antlike communities, faces similar challenges: a shortage of water, our most vital nutriment, and a mounting burden of waste. But the wastes of man are infinitely more complex than the ant's, and there is increasing reason to think that our method of disposal — dumping them into our drinking water — is not only unsavory but unsafe.

Canadians and Americans, unlike most peoples, have unquestioned faith in their tap water. "All of a sudden," says Dr. Bernard Berger, chief of water

research for the U. S. Public Health Service, "the confidence is coming under question." We're endangered by synthetic living and pushbutton processing — by the increased flood of chemicals through home, farm and factory, by disease spreading viruses in body wastes. Every day, from toilets, bathtubs, sinks and household machines we flush 2.5 billion gallons of raw or partly treated sewage back into our rivers and lakes, polluting them with viruses and detergents. Daily, our mills, mines, refineries, hospitals, mortuaries, packing houses, tanneries, factories and chemical plants void some six billion gallons of water bearing acids, metals, oils, radioactivity, fats, hide, bristles and thousands of chemicals, many unknown and some poisonous.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 5



AIR

WE'RE BREATHING IN THE CHEMICAL GARBAGE OF A COMPLEX CIVILIZATION

**Smog is already
killing thousands every year—
and it's getting worse**

APPROACHING TORONTO on Highway 400 any clear dark night you will see a spectral glimmer in the sky — the city's lights reflecting off urban haze. Its eerie mushroom shape is prophetic. The haze that shrouds our cities, twinkling romantically at night, softening the outlines of buildings by day, contains, like The Bomb, the elements of destruction.

Into the vast receptacle of the sky we spew the garbage of a chemically complex, machine-powered civilization, with effects that a 1957 Ontario air pollution committee reported "may range from mental depression . . . to cancer and death." The pollution of the air we dwell in "has grown from an inconvenience to a nuisance to a menace," says Dr. Haldon Leedy of the Armour Research Foun-

dation, of Chicago. The smoky manmade fog we call smog, now our permanent city atmosphere, may already be man's greatest single killer. Smog is the unburned fuel that our homes and factories, ships and trains belch into the air as soot and sulphur dioxide. It's partly burned gasoline from cars, trucks and buses. It's waste gases from chemical processes, airborne refuse from dumps and incinerators. It's pulverized rubber, asphalt and coal swirled skyward off roads and coalyards. It's moisture that condenses around a nucleus of dust. And into every cubic foot of air, which contains at the Pole only 300 to 400 dust particles, the average city dumps 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 particles.

Since 1872, when

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62



PHOTOS BY
JOHN SEBERT



MARIKA ROBERT DISCOVERS *Joyce Davidson*

The glamorous television interviewer may not be able to clown, dance, sing or act, but she's as far from being a dumb blonde as she is from being the plain girl next door

I first met Joyce Davidson at a luncheon party in a Toronto restaurant. I had, of course, seen her often on television. But watching her interview people or sell cosmetics on the screen was entirely different from watching her across the table nibbling stuffed avocados.

I can't say I liked her at first sight. She wasn't the friendly, relaxed and rather naïve young interviewer of television. She was, instead, a reserved, sophisticated blonde with a classical profile, chatting about Hollywood — champagne for breakfast and George Raft for dinner. She seemed withdrawn, even unfriendly. (One of her friends later explained that since the wide criticism of a statement she made last year on a U. S. network — that most Canadians were indifferent to the Queen's visit — she had adopted a cautious attitude toward strangers.)

She was highly attractive, even more than she is on the screen. No camera can pick up her warm pastel coloring. But there was nothing about Miss Davidson across the table to clear up the question that has always made Miss Davidson on the screen the most intriguing of performers to me. Since she can't clown, dance, sing, act or display an out-of-the-ordinary intellect, what has she got besides regular pastel-tinted features? Anything?

The answer is yes, several things, but it takes time to uncover them. They've made her, at twenty-nine, one of the fastest-rising television performers in North America. In addition to being a regular on a CBC inter-

view program called *Tabloid*, she frequently appears on two other CBC interview shows, *Close-Up* and *On the Scene*. In the U. S. she makes commercials for the Jack Benny and George Gobel shows and seems to have become Dave Garroway's favorite *Today* girl. She commutes between Toronto, Los Angeles and New York, enjoys the unadulterated admiration of a large circle of interesting friends, of her co-workers and of most of her guests on *Tabloid*. She earns close to \$50,000 a year. She receives fifty to sixty fan letters a week — from women who want to know what make-up she uses, where she buys her clothes, what she thinks of the racial problem in the U. S. and whether she would be willing to lend one of her bonnets as an added attraction at a charity tea; from teenagers who describe their problems and want to know whether she likes Elvis Presley; from married couples who have enjoyed her performances; from celebrities who have enjoyed being interviewed by her, and from men who elaborate on her beauty, frequently offer themselves as bodyguards, and sometimes even write poems:

*I find your name so easy to write
Maybe 'cause I dream of you so often
at night
Or more likely 'cause it's the same as
my former wife
Say, what are you doing the rest of your
private life?*

Shoemakers, tailors and other craftsmen offer her their

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

My brief career as a divorce detective

BY CATHERINE JONES

I know that most divorce cases aren't funny, but I also know that there is a light side to some—and that the law governing all of them is a joke

NOW THAT EVERYBODY is rushing forward to confess collusion in obtaining divorces, I feel impelled to do a little confessing myself. I was once a professional discoverer of the evidence in a divorce case, and the whole affair was collusioned like anything.

Actually, a good many marriages took place in Ottawa during the 1940s as a direct result of my own. This may sound like an extraordinarily vain statement to make, but my friend Bob was the first of the younger people at the National Film Board to be married, and our wedding triggered off several others.

Not that the Film Board was lacking in libido. *Au contraire*. But the pairings-off that took place were on a casual basis, rather than a permanent legal one. It just hadn't occurred to anyone to try marriage until we did. Suddenly, getting married became all the rage. There seemed to be a wedding every other week, and having affairs came to be regarded as rather *vieux jeu* and messy.

However, not all these marriages were made in heaven — some of them, in fact, were made in Hull — and there was bound to be a certain incidence of failure. I know that most divorce cases aren't funny. But I also know there is a light side to some and that the law governing all of them is a joke.

Although technically we were risking prison, those of us who were involved in this divorce case weren't aware of any tragedy.

The two principals had enjoyed a close relationship throughout their university days; their error was to try to turn it into a postgraduate marriage. The result was mildly disastrous. Fuming gently at each other, they lived together as brother and sister. Finally Peggy called a lawyer (out of the yellow pages) and made an appointment. She found out that a divorce would be tricky, tedious, and expensive, but ultimately possible; everything must be done very discreetly, the appearance of collusion must be avoided at all costs, and the penalty for perjury could be several years behind bars. Or so the lawyer warned her.

One way to cut costs, he suggested, would be to have some close friends testify instead of calling in detectives — a married couple, say. If, for example, Joe were to be discovered late at night in a hotel bedroom with Another Woman in circumstances

that appeared very immoral indeed, that would do it. Provided we didn't plan the matter or discuss it.

Peggy said she didn't think Joe knew any Other Woman.

"That's *his* problem," the lawyer replied. "And please be very, very careful not to talk about the arrangements beforehand, because if His Lordship should ask you in court 'Didn't you just get together and cook this thing up?' you'd either have to admit it, in which case he'd throw it right out, or you'd deny it, and that would be perjury. So be careful."

Peggy came home somewhat chastened by his warnings, but elated at the thought that the end she and Joe both so earnestly desired was, if not in sight, at least within the realm of possibility. She asked us over for the evening, and we spent a hilarious time talking obliquely and in hypotheses as we planned the correct course of action.

Bob looked concerned — Loyal Friend of Both

"If a certain man," Joe said at one point, "who shall be nameless, were to take a room at a hotel for the night, and then if certain people were to call on him and happened to arrive rather late . . . but where the hell would he find Another Woman?" he asked plaintively.

"That's *his* problem," Peggy told him firmly. "He'll just have to find one, that's all." We waxed quite hysterical at our own wit and cunning, and we passed many happy evenings in this manner.

At last the time was ripe. Joe telephoned us one night and suggested, sniggering, that we visit him in his room at the Chateau Laurier and have a drink.

"Your room at the Chateau Laurier?" Bob repeated. We all lived in the slums on St. Patrick Street. The only room we ever visited or drank in at the Chateau Laurier was the basement pub.

"Yes," Joe replied darkly. "I have a room at the Chateau Laurier just for the night. Suppose you come at nine o'clock," he continued. "it might be embarrassing if you got here later — around eleven, say."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78



ANATOMY OF A HORSE RACE

BY PETER GZOWSKI

For the puzzled horseplayer in the photograph, as for countless others, the fascination of racing is that the best horse doesn't always win, even when you know which horse is best. There are endless details that can affect the outcome of a race, but there's no way to tell beforehand which ones will. Many horse-racing enthusiasts — including many "experts" — don't even know what all the details are.

Neither did I, when I bet five dollars on a horse at New Woodbine race-track near Toronto one brilliant Saturday afternoon this summer. I don't know yet. But here is what I learned in a week of fourteen-hour days about the way one horse, Anita's Son, performed in the fifty-third running of the King Edward Gold Cup, and about the seven men who influenced his performance most.

The Horse

Anita's Son is a big Irish-bred four-year-old colt, owned by Lanson Farm, a large Ontario stable. His body and head are the color of milk chocolate. His legs are black. On his left front and right hind ankles are splashes of white. There is a white triangle, point down, on his forehead. He has run twenty-four races, winning fourteen, coming second four times, third once. He has earned \$62,755.

At first glance, Anita's Son's chances of winning the King Edward this Saturday are excellent. He has been running well this year, winning three of his four starts. The race is to be one mile and a sixteenth, over New Woodbine's turf course — the same course and distance over which he set a track record in 1959.

But on closer examination, this race is as stiff a challenge as any he will face all year. Of the thirty-six thoroughbreds nominated by mid-May for the King Edward, only eight, including Anita's Son, have been judged by their owners capable of winning today. They are the cream of their class, three-year-olds and up, in Canada.

Because of his superb record this year, Anita's Son will carry 126 pounds and he will concede weight, the racing world's equivalent of the head start in a schoolboy sprint, to each of his rivals.

Perhaps the most dangerous of these is Indian Creek, a six-year-old chestnut with a remarkable story. As a three- and four-year-old, Indian Creek ran, creditably, with the best thoroughbreds in North America, including Round Table, the greatest money-winner of them all. But late in 1958 he injured tendons in both forelegs and was retired from the track. Jack R. Leonard, the father of a top American jockey, brought him to Canada as a stud. With a year of rest and constant care, however, Indian Creek's injuries have improved. In his last race he set a record for a mile over New Woodbine's turf course.

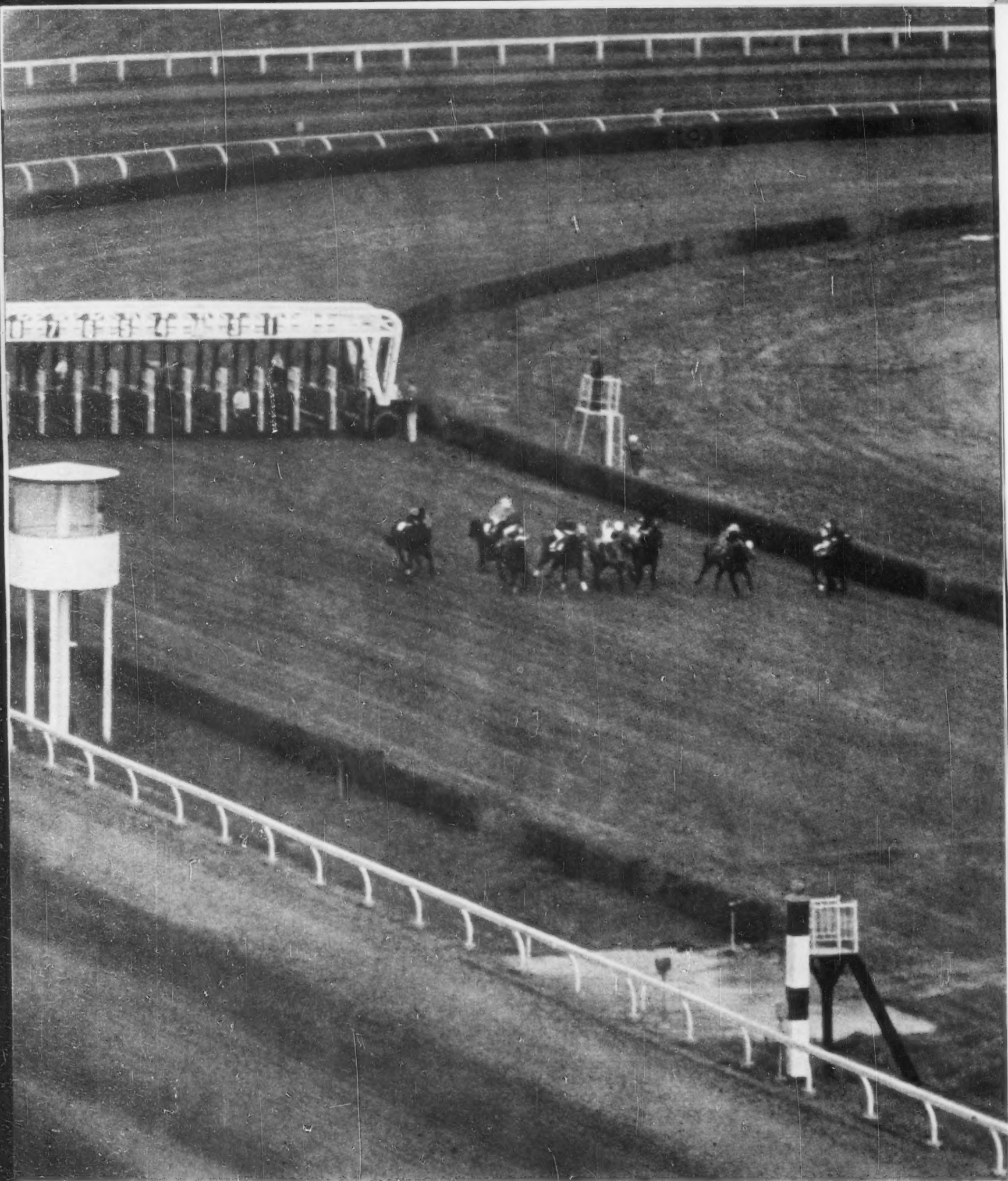
Indian Creek will carry 123 pounds. Horsemen figure that a pound will slow a horse just under a length in a mile, which is about a fifth of a second.

Last year's King Edward winner will also get a three-pound advantage over Anita's Son. He is War Eagle, a magnificent grey that earned more than \$50,000 as a five-year-old last year. Grey Monarch gets four pounds, carrying 122. He is another grey, bred in England, and though inclined to be sulky can, when he wants to, run with any horse in the country. Last year he was a close second in the King Edward. This year he will be ridden by Avelino Gomez, Canada's top jockey.

Handshake, the only horse to defeat Anita's Son this year, will have a six-pound advantage. Cyprian Cat, a four-year-old English-bred chestnut, which Anita's Son edged by inches in their last meeting, will get ten pounds, carrying 116. Tadoussac, a four-year-old gelding that had never beaten Anita's Son but won \$20,000 last year, will carry only 114. The eighth horse in the field is Calais II, a small five-year-old with often-surprising speed. He is a stablemate of Anita's Son and they will run as an "entry"; if either wins, winning tickets on both will be honored. Calais II will carry 117 pounds.

Anita's Son, wearing number 1, has also drawn the inside post position. Grey Monarch will start on his right, then Calais II, War Eagle, Indian Creek, Handshake, Cyprian Cat and on the outside, with the longest route to run, the lightly regarded Tadoussac.

Continued overleaf



THE START

Breaking fast from the gate, Anita's Son (nearest the hedge), carrying the author's \$5 bet and jockey Hugo Ditt-fach, takes an early lead in the race.

THE RACE

The starter drops his flag. The horses charge from the gate. In five strides, Anita's Son has the lead. Grey Monarch is second, Cyprian Cat third in the middle. War Eagle, running outside, is fourth. The rest are bunched.

The Exercise Boy

As the horses begin their counter-clockwise circuit, Normie Quinn, in the backstretch stand, hears the announcer's call of Anita's Son's quick start. He thinks of the first time the colt was ridden today and smiles.

At dawn, as he does every morning from January to November, Normie, an exercise boy with Lanson Farm, worked out Anita's Son.

Normie's affection for the colt is strong. He loves the feel of a cham-



pion under him, though he is never allowed to work this one at full speed. And Normie, like Anita's Son, is Irish.

This morning as they jogged clockwise around New Woodbine's dirt track — clockwise so Anita's Son would not think it was a race and fight against the bit, wasting precious energy — Normie murmured to him in his brogue. "When he's feeling peppery," he says, "it calms him."

Normie's experienced ear detected a danger signal. On the dirt track, still sodden from two days' steady rain, a gallop sounded like a paddle-wheeler; a trot like corks being pulled. "Cuppy," he said to Art Warner, the trainer. Even on the turf course, which doesn't vary as much as the dirt, the going would be slow. Anita's Son, a powerfully long strider, isn't bothered excessively by heavy footing. But he doesn't like it. Indian Creek, the big threat, is known as a fair mud runner. So is Handshake. And War Eagle, last year's winner, loves it.

THE RACE

Anita's Son holds his lead as the horses near the grandstand. For the first furlong, Grey Monarch's nose stays even with the brown colt's saddle; Cyprian Cat drifts toward the

rail. At the finish line, with a complete circuit of seven-eighths of a mile still to go, Cyprian Cat has taken second. War Eagle, still on the outside, passes Grey Monarch. At the first turn, trouble strikes Anita's Son. The turf, firm when a man walks on it, is mushy enough to give under sharp hooves. Anita's Son's left forefoot, the white one, sticks slightly. His exceptionally long stride is almost his undoing. His right rear foot, reaching for new ground, slaps against the left front. In horseman's terms, he has grabbed his quarter. Momentarily he stumbles.

The Blacksmith

There is one man (who isn't watching the race, as it happens) who knows just how serious this accident can be. He is Sam Keyrouse, a blacksmith Art Warner talked into coming from New Jersey to Canada four years ago. Keyrouse, a friendly bear of a man who chain-smokes cigars while he works, has been Anita's Son's podiatrist, shoemaker and manicurist all the colt's life. He has needed all his skill.

Like many horses bred in milder climates and now running in Canada, Anita's Son has tender feet. After much experiment, Keyrouse has found that thick, "bastard" plates best hold the soft horn of the colt's hooves together. Most racehorses' shoes are made of aluminum; Anita's Son's are of steel, cut wider for added strength. Most racehorses have their shoes changed every five or six weeks; Anita's Son needs new ones every three weeks. Furthermore, he has bad quarters, the area of hoof that is roughly equivalent to a man's inner heel. The worst is the left front foot, the white one. To keep the colt's weight from this tender spot, Keyrouse



on each visit has rasped the hoof almost to the bone. "I'm almost scared to work on that horse," Keyrouse has said. "Every time I work on him, I'm afraid I'll hurt him."

THE RACE

Anita's Son has grabbed his tenderest foot, the left front. The hoof begins to show blood. So briefly has he stumbled that Cyprian Cat closes barely a

foot. Handshake, moving to the outside, is now third. Grey Monarch, now closest to the inner hedge, is two feet behind. War Eagle, still fifth, appears to be beginning to tire. Indian Creek is sixth, Calais II seventh. Tadoussac has not yet been able to match the pace.

The Owner

In the rarefied air of their Turf Club box, high above the clubhouse stands, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Boylen are unaware of the injury. The Boylens' connection with Anita's Son goes back farther than that of anyone else watch-



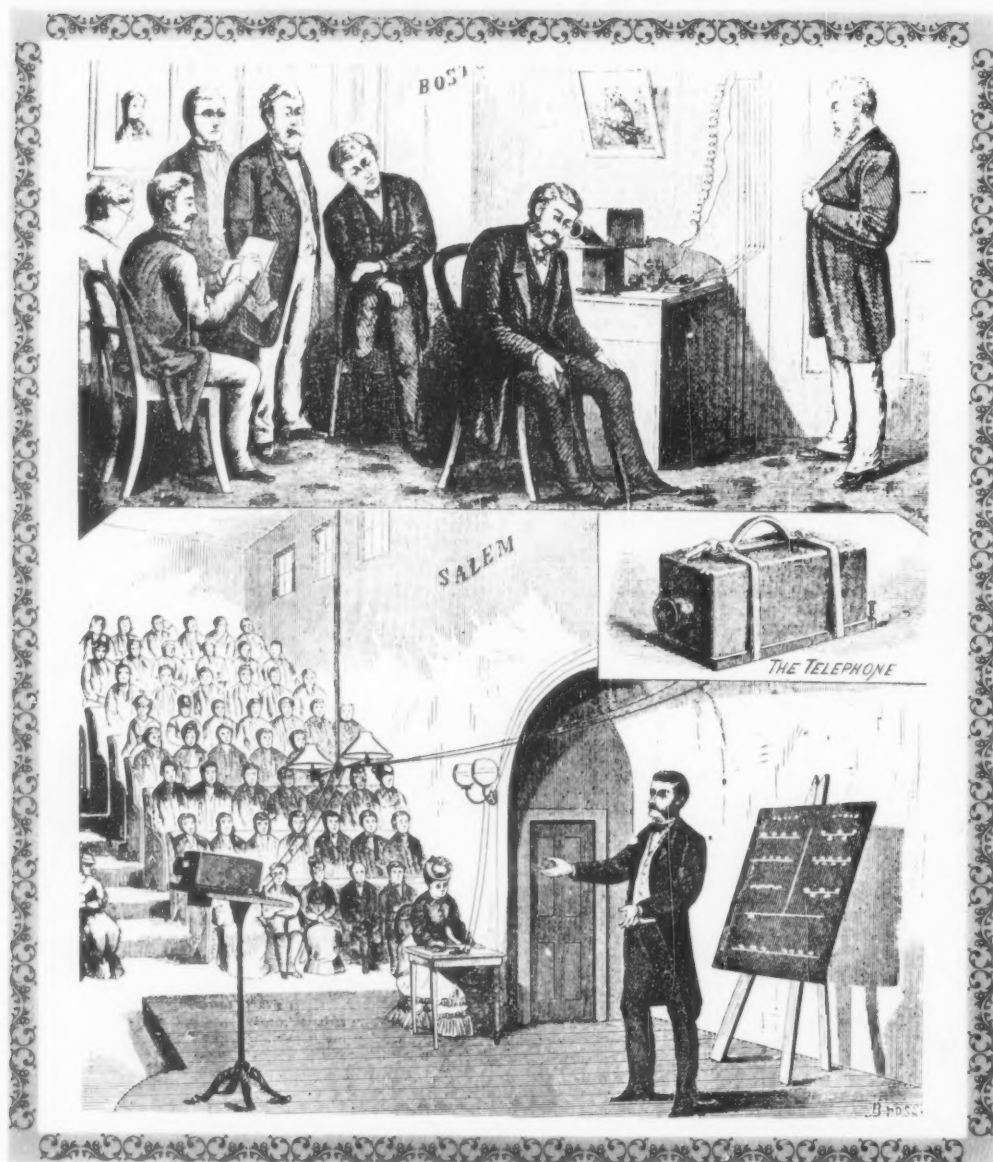
ing the race. In 1956, Boylen, a millionaire mining executive and promoter, took his wife to Europe on vacation. They struck luck on the ship's pool, winning three days and clearing more than \$10,000. With \$9,000 of the profits, they purchased an Irish mare named Anita, with the blood of French champions in her veins; her suckling colt, Anita's Son, by an Irish stallion of English ancestry, Krakatao; and the foal Anita was then carrying.

The Boylens have not always been so fortunate in their purchases. In 1958 they paid \$45,000 — more than a Canadian yearling had ever brought before — for a beautiful red colt with superb bloodlines called Soul of Honor. Now a three-year-old, Soul of Honor has raced once, finishing a miserable seventh. At the sale where they bought him, the Boylens could have taken for \$12,500 a brown colt with pigeon toes: Victoria Park, which has won more than a quarter of a million dollars for owner E. P. Taylor and is no doubt the finest horse ever bred in Canada.

A few years ago, Boylen "sold" the stable to his wife who, he insists, is "more interested in it than I am." But he flew back this morning from Newfoundland, where he was inspecting mining properties, especially to see this race.

Beyond his financial interest, Boylen has little effect on the race. Ostensibly, it was his decision to enter Anita's Son and Calais II. In fact, it was the decision of his trainer, Art Warner.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 33



When the telephone was regarded by many people as a toy: a woodcut from the Scientific American in 1877. Bell (lower picture) adds life to a lecture in Salem, Mass., by using a phone hookup to Boston (upper).

THE LIFE OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

Second of four parts

The twisted trail that led to the telephone

At 26 Bell patented a since-forgotten device called the multiple telegraph. Cable companies weren't interested. Then, one afternoon in 1875, Bell and a fellow worker became the first human beings to hear the tones and overtones of a sound transmitted by electricity

BY THOMAS B. COSTAIN

BY THE TIME SPRING CAME in 1871 Alexander Graham Bell was a new man. He had filled out and the color in his cheeks reflected good health rather than the flush that so often accompanies tuberculosis. His parents said to themselves that God and the air of Brantford had brought recovery to their sole surviving son. The chance they had taken in coming to Canada after their eldest and youngest sons died of the disease in London had worked.

Bell seems to have shown an almost immediate improvement from the day the family settled at Tutelo Heights, on the outskirts of Brantford, in August 1870.

His father had gone to Boston in the autumn of 1870 to fulfill lecture engagements there and had been so successful that there was immediate discussion of a return engagement. This he was compelled to decline because of arrangements already made in Canada, but consideration was promised to his suggestion that his son take his place.

Graham Bell was notified early in 1871 that the Boston School Board had voted five hundred dollars as remuneration for lectures he was to deliver at the Boston School for the Deaf and at the Clarke Institute for Deaf-Mutes in Northampton. He left in April to begin his duties.

During the eight months he had spent with his parents at Tutelo Heights he had not been idle. Swinging in his hammock between the two beech trees, he had kept his mind continuously on his problems. In the workroom, which lay in the angle of the drawing room and the conservatory, he had gone back to studying tuning forks. At the piano he was more likely to experiment with single notes than to play music. For long stretches of time he would sit and ponder and listen.

What Graham Bell was striving to accomplish at this time was an improvement on the telegraph. The telephone was something for the future, a great objective which would never come to anything unless he discovered a new scientific approach. On the other hand, he had a definite idea for an improvement in the telegraph, which was being employed all over the civilized world but was still limited to the sending of one message over a wire at one time. The Bell plan was to make use of the law of sympathetic vibration and send any number of messages in the Morse code on a single wire. This, he was convinced, could be done without any interference or confusion. He called it the harmonic or multiple telegraph. This was something many others were striving to achieve.

Graham Bell completed his device within the next two years and was granted a patent. It was never taken over by the telegraph companies, perhaps because they thought it had a flaw which made practical use difficult. But out of the work he was doing on the harmonic telegraph came a hint, a flash, and finally a blinding light.

During the five years which followed his first trip to Boston to lecture in his father's stead, young Bell lived a life of intense activity and concentration. Most of his time was spent in Boston, lecturing at the Horace Mann School, conducting private classes of his own, and at all times going on with his experiments. As soon as the school closed, he would return to Brantford, to catch up on sleep, to have regular meals again, and to lie out in the sun on the edge of the high bluff over the Grand; and, of course, to continue his ceaseless search for the secrets which evaded him.

A great deal is known about his long visits to Boston, which alternated with the periods he spent in Brantford, through the long letters he wrote home. He told, for instance, about his good fortune in meeting two friendly men, both of whom were citizens of considerable means and who would in time take over the financing of his scientific endeavors. This came about because each of them had a child whose hearing was impaired and who grasped eagerly at any opportunity to speak properly in spite of this handicap. One was Thomas Sanders of Haverhill, whose son George had been born deaf. The other was a Boston lawyer and industrialist named Gardiner Greene Hubbard. He went to Graham Bell and talked to him about one of his daughters, Mabel, who had lost her hearing through an attack of scarlet fever when she was four. The child had been sent to Germany for a course of many years but there had been little result except that she had learned lip reading. Bell was engaged to instruct her teacher in his methods and particularly in Visible Speech. Mabel Hubbard,

who was growing up into a very lovely girl, was destined to play a highly important and lasting part in the life of Alexander Graham Bell.

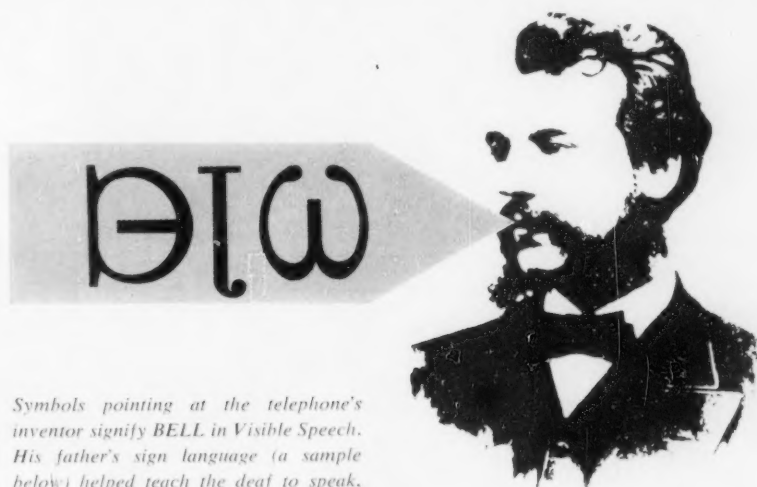
Bell never wavered in his loyalty to the two men who backed him so generously, yet the formation of the partnership might have had the effect of delaying the invention of the telephone. Both of the partners were convinced that his chance for success lay in completing his work on the multiple telegraph. The telephone, in their minds, was a secondary consideration, and a highly speculative one. They were so strongly of this opinion that the agreement signed between them made no mention of the telephone. "The said Bell has invented certain new and useful methods and apparatus for telegraphing" was the way the document read.

It was not a desire for quick financial returns which actuated Hubbard in urging the young Scot to devote himself to his telegraphic experiments. Rather it was an expression of his belief that Bell's improvements in the operation of the telegraph were successes and that it was a matter of common sense to complete them first. The telephone could come later. It seems certain that Sanders shared these views. He continued to pour money into the company with a free hand. Ultimately his investment reached \$110,000 before he received any returns.

Even after the successful tests of the telephone conducted in Brantford removed all doubts as to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

A Bell family invention: Visible Speech



Symbols pointing at the telephone's inventor signify BELL in Visible Speech. His father's sign language (a sample below) helped teach the deaf to speak.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---------|---|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| English | { | 4i | 8d | 2h | 8d | 4l | 3i | ob | 2b | 4c | 8a | ob | 3c | 3b | |
| | { | 3 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 2 | |
| Scotch | { | 4i | 8a | 2h | 7b | 4l | 3i | ob | 2b | 4c | 8a | 3c | 3b | | |
| | { | 3 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 2 | |
| Irish | { | 4i | 8d | 2h | 8a | 4l | 3i | ob | 2b | 4c | 5f | 8a | ob | 3c | 3b |
| | { | 3 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 2 | |

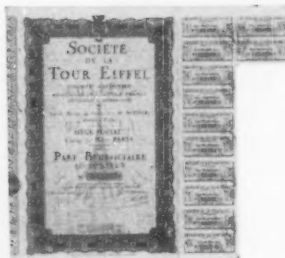
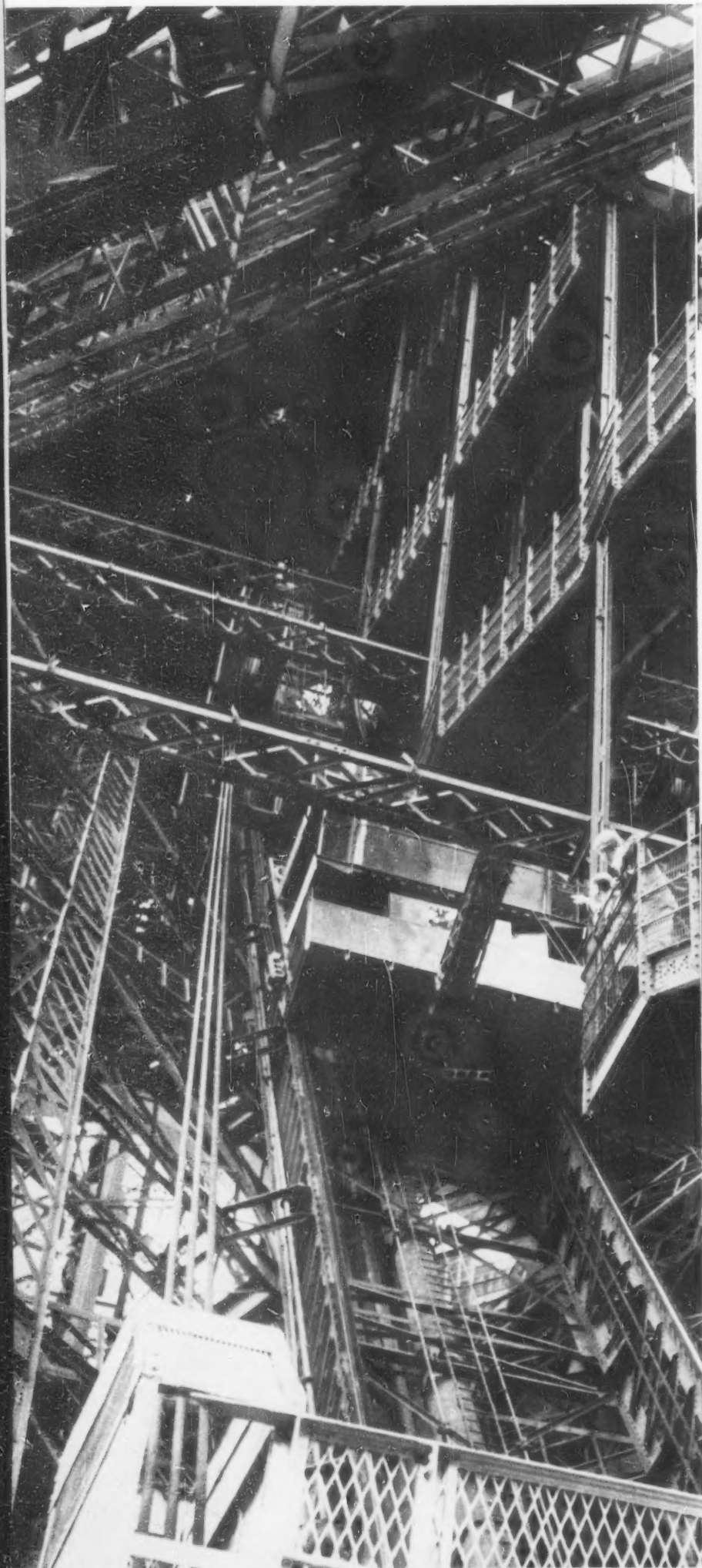
THE ENGLISH ALPHABET.

The mysteries of sound were the chief interest of three generations of the Bell family. Alexander Graham Bell carried the family interest into the electric age with his development of the telephone, but it was his father, Melville, whose name is remembered best in the field of phonetics. Melville Bell worked out a system of symbols called Visible Speech, or the Universal Alphabet. Each symbol represents a move-

ment of lips and tongue. Knowing the symbols and movements, a deaf man can learn to speak any language with, conceivably, an impeccable accent. The lines above show how English words (in this case the words Visible Speech) can be transliterated. The small figures in the upper lines refer to a chart prepared by Melville Bell for an elocution text published in the middle of the last century.

Like the Eiffel Tower? I own it

BY JOHN GRAY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL RHOADS



I had been an owner of the Eiffel Tower since last winter, when, for \$60.72, I purchased one share in it on the London stock market. But the more I bragged about my holdings the more my friends compared me with the group of Dutch businessmen who, in 1949, paid cash for the whole thing to a fast-talking greengrocer from Amsterdam. This summer, I checked my holdings for myself. The manage-

ment was pleased to see me. We poked into every corner of my business; I examined the books, rode on elevators, talked to the customers and questioned the staff. I am happy to report that my investment looks safe. The Eiffel Tower remains the greatest single tourist attraction in the world. Business is booming; last year's dividend was 5.8 percent. And the view is as glorious as it was the first time I saw it. That was fourteen years ago, when I got my first look at Paris from its top platform. But fourteen years ago, I was carefree, happy and broke—and I couldn't have afforded the Eiffel Tower if I'd been offered the whole thing for a dollar.



One must know two things about Gustave Eiffel to understand his Tower: he was both an engineering genius and a solidly practical nineteenth-century businessman. He built the Tower to prove it could be done, and used the cheapest iron to save money. There was bitter opposition when he erected the Tower above the Champ de Mars between 1887 and 1889. It was called "a cheap show of ironmongery," "a monstrosity," "a nightmare," "an odious tin construction," but it has survived to become the symbol of Paris, and even of France. One of its glories, then as now, is that the Eiffel Tower is almost useless; Eiffel saved it from destruction in 1909 by offering it to the French government for use in broadcasting, but if it hadn't been there even the broadcasters wouldn't have missed it. Lost in the maze of its iron tracery, one begins to understand its high reputation today. "It is one of the most daring achievements of any human mind," Reyner Banham, an English art critic, said recently, "conceived in a mood so disciplined, yet so serenely unchained from convention, that most gestures of intellectual freedom are by comparison merely a change from handcuffs to leg-irons." An American put it differently: "It looks like the Empire State Building after taxes."



"The Tower is like a ship," the chief engineer, G. Armand Triffoz, explained to me as we examined the navigation beacons nearly a thousand feet up. "We are always fixing something." Some of his workmen (who invariably referred to him as "très gentil") were replacing ironwork on the highest public platform a few feet below us. Every seven years a couple of dozen painters coat its 1,883,000 square feet with thirty-five tons of paint in three colors of a brown (that grows lighter as you go up) chosen because it complements the blue of the Paris sky. The elevators must be maintained carefully. Earlier we went into the base of the east pillar to inspect the original hydraulic elevators Eiffel installed. They make the Tower's fortune: for a dollar you can go to the top (sixty cents to the second platform, thirty to the first). Though you can walk up the stairs for half price I was pleased to learn most people ride, thereby increasing the profits. Triffoz works long hours during the summer tourist season, making sure the elevators never stop. But like any tourist he always stops at the top to look at the view. "Surely you must get tired of it," I said. "That is not possible," he said, "not possible."



In its first year, during the International Exposition of 1889, the Eiffel Tower drew 1,896,987 visitors—a figure that's never been equalled. Since the war more and more people have come—last year nearly 1,700,000 rode or climbed up, and the management hopes to break the two-million mark within two years. Tourists like those I talked to come from everywhere, and I was pleased to learn they enjoy themselves (and consider their money well spent). Curiously, the biggest untapped pool of potential profit lies right at the Tower's feet—the millions of Parisians who resolutely refuse to set foot on it.



The biggest shareholder in the Société de la Tour Eiffel is Alexis de Gunzburg, a tall, personable Parisian who bought control about ten years ago. Though he is officially only a director of the company, Gunzburg's major holding makes him boss, and he runs it very efficiently. "I defend as best I can the small shareholders, who have the same interests as myself," he told me as we sat relaxed over the accounts in the small private apartment Eiffel built for himself at the top of the Tower. After a good look around I am ready to pass on Gunzburg's assurance to other shareholders that things are fine. Attendance is climbing. Labor relations are good. So far as I could see, rust is being held at bay. Gunzburg assures me he expects it to stand until the company's concession runs out at the end of the century. Gunzburg knows the tower backwards: last year, for example, he climbed to the very top of the new TV mast, which sways 1,033 feet above the Seine. He tells me that movie companies continue to use the place, at twenty dollars an hour. "When there's no sun and they can't work it's wonderful," Gunzburg said. The company doesn't run the restaurants, souvenir stands and so on, but rents concessions at fees based on the number of visitors to the Tower, the concession holders paying a fee whether or not the tourist eats in the restaurant or buys a souvenir. The restaurant—which is very expensive—is packed, and they have trouble keeping the souvenir stands stocked. Even I bought a souvenir, though I was shocked at the price of some—as much as \$12 for a model of the Tower. Today the Tower is used by many agencies—TV, radio, wireless, the French army, Interpol, and various scientific and meteorological organizations. In the bathroom of Eiffel's apartment is a huge geiger counter that looks like a bloated vacuum cleaner. It sits, somewhat unceremoniously, on the toilet bowl, recording radiation twenty-four hours a day, an appropriate reminder of how much in the spirit of the times Eiffel's Tower has always been. ★





Mary Jolliffe leans on the scrapbooks she filled with press releases during seven seasons at Stratford.

Memoirs of a

What does the distinguished
Shakespearean festival look like
when you're there to ballyhoo it,
not to watch it?

STRATFORD, ONTARIO, has put on eight seasons of its famous Shakespearean Festival, but this year has been strangely different for me. For the first time, I've been out front in the audience, instead of backstage in the turmoil. For seven years I was the festival's press agent, and only this season, since I joined the audience, have I thought about the backstage stories that never got into print, or about how much of the turmoil was my own doing.

A play that means an evening's entertainment for a first-nighter and weeks of studied concentration for an actor can be something entirely different for a press agent. First-season audiences probably remember Richard III as the triumphant beginning of the Stratford experiment; Alec Guinness no doubt remembers it as his first experience with theatre-in-the-round; but I'll always think of it as the maddest mob scene in theatrical history—one I staged, inadvertently, three nights before the play opened.

I was eager to have the press photograph a dress rehearsal, so I went through my list of about a thousand newspapers and magazines, naively inviting every last one of them to send a photographer—all on the same night. The only thing that kept us from complete disaster was that 952 of them didn't show up. The forty-eight who did? I'm sure you've seen movie sequences of a dozen photographers scrambling for pictures of a celebrity. Just multiply the



THE PRESS AGENT WITH Tom Patterson, founder of the festival, and director Tyrone Guthrie.

o a Stratford press agent By Mary Jolliffe as told to Hal Tennant

photographers by four, toss in two dozen confused actors, mix chaotically, and you've got the idea.

Cameramen swarmed all over, getting into one another's pictures and all but fighting over the cast. One photographer would have several actors lined up in his viewfinder when another would yank a couple of them away. Guinness fought off one photographer who was out to drag him down to the Avon River for a picture with the swans. I was darting from one photographer to the next, trying to restore order. Then Tyrone Guthrie, our director, took over. If the British Army ever puts its most fearsome sergeant-majors into one platoon and is looking around for a drillmaster, Tony Guthrie is their man.

"ALL RIGHT, EVERYBODY!" he bellowed. Within two minutes the photographers were off the stage, the actors were calming down, and Guthrie was telling everybody what photos would be taken of whom and from where.

That was one time I was grateful to have somebody step in and do my job for me. In theory, of course, my job was to serve as liaison between the actors, the production staff and the management, on the one hand, and the press, radio, TV and public, on the other. In practice that could mean almost anything.

Between churning out press releases that (I hope) helped Stratford grow from a shaky Ontario tent show into a solid institution unique in North America, I have placated angry photographers, soothed jittery performers, searched for missing actors, poured drunken newsmen into cabs, and seen to it that stronger arms than mine hoisted one forlorn columnist out of the toilet bowl into which he had fallen head first during a pre-show party.

I've appeared before the Queen in my stocking feet, and I've squirmed while a reporter asked James Mason if he'd ever been in a British movie. I've stood in Alec Guinness' dressing room, wondering which way to look, while he removed almost every stitch of clothing and donned a new costume without once losing the thread of our conversation; and I've learned

not to flinch when some of the toughest newsmen in the world have tried to bully me with four-letter words I never heard in my Methodist parents' home.

But the lesson I learned in one situation was not necessarily a guide to the next. That chaotic photography session, for instance, gave me no clue to the trouble to come two seasons later, when a Toronto Star cameraman asked if half a dozen members of the Julius Caesar cast could meet him in a Stratford hotel room. I assumed that he'd picture them in their street clothes, since their costumes, to be finished only after weeks of painstaking research into historical detail, weren't quite ready. Once the date was made, I put the matter out of my mind—until the pictures were published. Then Guthrie and the costume designer, Tanya Moiseiwitsch, were horrified. I could see why. Our Romans were decked out in sheets the photographer had yanked off the hotel-room beds. This was hardly the moment for me to point out that not one Star reader in a thousand would know the difference.

On the other hand, some of the nonsense published about Stratford was harmless fun. And it taught me that you can't judge an actor's personality by what you see of him on stage. James Mason, for instance, imparts enormous dignity to his roles, yet I've hardly known anyone who took himself less seriously. I've already mentioned the time he was asked if he'd ever been in an English film. To that, Mason gave a modest and polite answer, mentioning such hits as *Odd Man Out* and *The Seventh Veil*. But there were times when he couldn't resist hoaxing people, even when it made him seem ridiculous.

His most elaborate joke at Stratford got started when the man who was then president of the Festival Foundation walked up and said: "How do you do, Mr. Mason. I'm Dr. Harry Showalter." Mason turned and motioned toward Johnny Monaghan, the hefty former state trooper who is his chauffeur, valet, bodyguard and companion.

"I'd like you to meet Dr. John Monaghan," he told Showalter. "He's my personal psychia-

trist." Showalter made a noncommittal reply, but a reporter overheard the conversation, and Mason was delighted when newspapers throughout North America picked up the story that there was a full-time headshrinker in the Mason entourage. He kept the gag going for weeks.

None of us worked up an ulcer, either, when Life magazine froze us out of its hallowed pages for four seasons. Life showed up at the beginning of our first season, determined to photograph the cast in rehearsal. But Guthrie, who was working desperately toward opening night, sent word that no newsmen would be allowed in. I sympathized with Guthrie; but even if I hadn't, I couldn't have done much about it. The Life team, cursing Guthrie, Stratford and Canadians in general, grudgingly took a few second-best photos backstage and outside, then left town vowing we'd never get into Life in a hundred years. Their estimate was out by ninety-six years. Four years later the same Life writer, Laura Ecker, was back with a different cameraman. This time they paid the cast several hundred dollars in overtime fees to stay after rehearsal. They took hundreds of shots of Christopher Plummer and others in the cast of *Twelfth Night*.

Plummer had just broken a bone in his foot, during rehearsal, but time and again, for Life's cameras, he enacted the scene in which he plunged feet first through a trapdoor. When the results were published, I didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

There, in a roundup of pictures from summer theatres all over North America, was one small photo of Plummer.

Of course there were reporters, too, who never let injuries or personal discomforts interfere with their work or warp their opinion of a play. Before our very first opening night, I was taking Sydney Johnson, drama critic for the *Montreal Star*, backstage for an interview with Guinness. Johnson, who wears thick glasses and was unfamiliar with the route backstage, missed his footing at the top of a steep stairway, crashed to the bottom and lay gushing blood from a deep gash in his chin. But he got gamely to his feet. CONTINUED ON PAGE 43



With Christopher Plummer ("he may yet be acclaimed the greatest actor in the theatre today").



With Douglas Rain and Kate Reid ("she's frightened of making an unrehearsed public appearance").



With Douglas Campbell, a fellow veteran from the opening season of the festival, and Eric House.

Sweet & sour with BRAD ANDERSON



"Miss Tinsley, did you see a ball come in here?"



"Before you blow your stack —
you've never heard me cry, have you?"



"Step on it!"



"Okay! Let me down, I'll take your act!"



"I wish you'd quit starting the day with tranquilizers."

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, SEPTEMBER 10, 1960

One last question: will the horse's legs hold up?

THE RACE

Anita's Son has fended off Cyprian Cat's bold challenge. Grey Monarch, having saved ground on the turn, moves into second on the inside. Cyprian Cat is third. Handshake, having made a bold try to catch the leaders, fades to fourth. Grey Monarch's jockey, Avelino Gomez, yells at Hugo Dittfach on Anita's Son. Anita's Son, edging toward the hedge, is pulled out. Grey Monarch moves even. For a few strides they are neck and neck. Then, halfway down the backstretch, Grey Monarch begins to inch ahead.

The Trainer

From the clubhouse grandstand, Art Warner, Anita's Son's trainer, is watching his race strategy get its first real test. Unlike trainers in the movies, and some in real life, Warner gives very simple in-



structions. Today he has told Dittfach only: "Get the lead if you can. If you can't, stay on the pace. When you get in front, hold him in a little. Let the others run at you. But don't let anyone get too far in front."

But the pre-race instructions are only the last detail of Warner's part in bringing Anita's Son up to this race.

Warner, ex-jockey, ex-groom, ex-almost-everything-there-is-to-do-around-a-track, looks and dresses like a ruddy-faced small-town Rotarian. The only sign of his trade is a habit of speech: like many other race-trackers he conjugates the verb "to win" in all its parts simply as "win."

When he rose this morning, at the bungalow at Lanson Farm where he and his wife and two of their nine dogs live, his sinuses bothered him. They often do on the day of a big race.

Shortly before nine, a track veterinarian came to check the Lanson Farm horses entered to run. Stable foreman Eddie Howard opened Anita's Son's stall and clutched the bridle. The colt came out like a jack-in-the-box. Warner chuckled.

"Nine men couldn't hold him down today," he said. "But he's win three in a row and it's like a baseball player with three straight hits coming up to the plate. A lot of things can go wrong."

His reference to another sport started him ruminating about his own job. "A man coaching football has only got to

get them up for maybe one game a week. I've got to bring up one or two or more horses every day.

"I've been working with Anita's Son since January third this year. We galloped him at the farm until the ninth of March. Then we moved to the track and we started serious work. I ran him once in April at Fort Erie before he was in top shape and he was beaten a boarding-house reach by a horse who'd been running in Florida all winter. Right away I gave him a rest and next time out he win. Last year I ran him three Saturdays in a row and he win every time but the fourth time he was over the top — like a fighter gets overtrained — and he was beat from here to that island."

THE RACE

Anita's Son, as they hit the second-to-last turn, is again stride for stride with the big grey. Calais II, moving toward the rail, is now third, a length behind the leaders. Indian Creek, now running strongly, is just a length behind him. Tadoussac has perked up from his last position and is closing on Handshake and Cyprian Cat in a battle for fifth. War Eagle is fading.

The Veterinarian

One question now on the minds of all the men connected with Anita's Son is whether his legs will hold up. It is particularly on the mind of Dr. George Badame, who serves as a sort of family vet to Lanson Farm.

As a two-year-old, the colt developed what horsemen call osselets — a form of osteo-arthritis. Badame prescribed a savage-sounding treatment called blister-



ing. The colt's legs were coated with a mercuric compound to provide a mild counter-irritant and draw blood to the horse's streamlined ankles.

In the fall of his four-year-old season, Anita's Son's ailment returned — more severely. Badame prescribed a more severe treatment: firing. Anita's Son's legs, anesthetized with novocaine, were touched with a smoldering iron. The medical principle is the same as in blistering. But both have another purpose: They force the trainer to rest his horse; firing lays the animal up as much as ninety days.

Even with this care, Anita's Son's ailment will never be completely cured. And it is on heavy courses such as today's that it is most serious.

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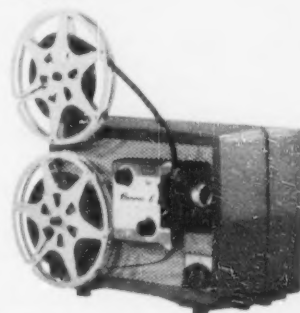
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TRADEMARK

THE RACE

Pounding toward the final turn, Anita's Son and Grey Monarch stay head and head. Calais II moves to the inside. Indian Creek, whose jockey is hesitant to push him to so fast a pace in the tough going because of the danger of straining the injured tendons in his forelegs, is fourth, half a length ahead of Cyprian Cat. The others seem run out.

The Groom

Armand Lafleur, standing with the other grooms at the finish line, cranes his neck to see his favorite come into the stretch. If other men know more about Anita's Son's legs or his condition or his breeding, no man knows Anita's Son's personality as well as this Ottawa-born French Canadian.

Since the colt was a suckling fresh from Ireland, Armand has looked after him. This morning, while Armand curried and combed him after his workout, washed his eyes and mouth, painted his hooves in soothing pine oil, unwound the bandages that keep his ankles warm on cool mornings and braided his mane and tail in ribbons of Lanson Farm green and orange, Anita's Son nipped and played, catching puppy-like at the groom's hand, nudging him with his nose. Armand iden-



tifies himself so closely with Anita's Son that he confuses the third and first persons when he talks about the horse. "I'll go good today," he said. "I want to run. I'll win four in a row."

THE RACE

At the final turn, Grey Monarch goes wide. Anita's Son seems to be forced outside him. Thundering toward the wire, Anita's Son is almost in the middle of the track. Grey Monarch, barely inside him, is inches behind. Coming hard up the hedge is the surprising Calais II. It is now a three-horse race.

The Jockey

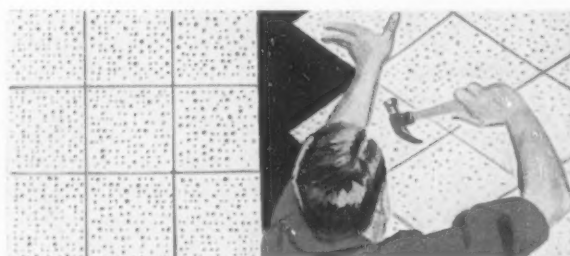
In the stretch duel, Anita's Son belongs to Hugo Dittfach alone. Dittfach is a quiet, serious 23-year-old — the exact opposite of the stereotyped, wisecracking, smart-aleck jockey, perhaps because from the age of nine to twelve he was in a Russian forced-labor camp in East Germany.

He rides seriously too, thinking out each move before he makes it. Both he and Avelino Gomez, who perennially rides more winners than any other jockey in Canada, on Grey Monarch, have gone

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The Jockey continued

wide on the turn deliberately. The turf course at New Woodbine is slightly higher in the middle. Today, the high ground is drier, firmer. The firm footing could mean the difference.



On Calais II, still gaining on the leaders, 54-year-old Pat Remillard, relying on experience gained in riding more than eleven thousand races, has chosen to gamble on the soft footing to take the short route.

Dittfach has one decision: whether to use his whip. Gomez, two feet behind and afraid his horse will get discouraged, is slashing Grey Monarch furiously. The grey seems to respond.

Dittfach decides against the whip. "If a horse is giving everything he's got," Warner has told him, "hitting him won't get any more."

Fifty feet from the finish, Calais II hits a soft spot. His drive is slowed.

Dittfach is now in danger of committing only one error: "posing for the photo" — relaxing too early. Still holding his whip immobile, he pumps with Anita's Son's motion. Grey Monarch inches up in a last desperate bid, then falls back.

THE FINISH

As they flash under the wire, Anita's Son is a neck ahead. Grey Monarch is second. Third, by half a length, is Calais II. Indian Creek is a distant fourth.

The Spoils

Down the Turf Club elevator come the Boylens to collect the King Edward trophy. Of the \$10,000 purse, Anita's Son gets half — plus all the nomination and entry fees, a total of \$6,700. Calais II collects \$1,500.

Into the winner's enclosure walks Warner. He will receive ten percent of both shares. Dittfach and Remillard, who, like most jockeys riding one entry, have agreed to split fees, get another ten percent between them.

Tomorrow the vet, Badame, will give Anita's Son an antibiotic injection to prevent infection of his injured foot, now covered with blood. Keyrouse, the blacksmith, who as the only union member of the team does not work Sunday, will check the colt's feet on Monday. Armand Lafleur pats his favorite's head and thinks of winning five straight. Normie Quinn goes to the cashier's window with a smile as broad as Eric on his face.

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BEST BET

MURDER, INC.: Whether lounging under police protection as a stoolpigeon or skillfully plying his trade as a hired assassin, the real-life Brooklyn thug known as Abe Reles is a figure of monstrous malevolence as portrayed by actor Peter Falk in this interesting crime drama. The picture is too long and its tempo sometimes drags. But Falk's acute performance and a number of vivid period touches give the audience a graphic idea of what things were like in the U. S. underworld of the 1930s.

IT STARTED IN NAPLES: A brusque Philadelphia lawyer (Clark Gable) soon mellows in Italy while deciding what to do with his vagabond brother's illegitimate son. The child's unofficial guardian is an uninhibited showgirl (Sophia Loren). The film tries hard to qualify for top marks in the naughty-but-nice category of comedy but a sense of strain and occasional coyness are drawbacks. The scenery, including Miss Loren, is stimulating.

THE LOST WORLD: Probably great stuff for the kiddies, this expensive science-fiction opus is ludicrous fare for grownups. Along with clever special effects—roaring dinosaurs, 30-foot spiders, an underground lake of molten lava—it offers such absurd characters as a dignified rotter with a heart of gold (Michael Rennie), a brooding helicopter pilot (Fernando Lamas) who strums a guitar in moments of peril, and a girl explorer (Jill St. John) who braves the South American jungle in a crowded blouse and skintight pink slacks.

PORTRAIT IN BLACK: A sluggish and implausible crime-and-suspense melodrama in soap-opera vein, with Lana Turner as a tycoon's repressed wife. She conspires with a doctor (Anthony Quinn) to murder the old boy (Lloyd Nolan), then begins receiving taunting anonymous letters "congratulating" her on her infamies.

THE ROYAL BALLET: Dame Margot Fonteyn is the glowing "heroine" of this handsome on-the-spot documentary close-up of three actual performances at London's Covent Garden.

STRANGERS WHEN WE MEET: Illicit passion around the suburban barbecue pits is the tattered theme in this romantic drama. Kirk Douglas appears as a restless, self-obsessed architect and Kim Novak as a neglected matron in the neighborhood. Rating: fair.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn: Comedy-drama. Fair.
And Quiet Flows the Don: War drama from Russia. Good.
The Apartment: Romantic comedy-drama. Excellent.
Battle of the Sexes: Comedy. Fair.
Black Orpheus: Poetic drama. Good.
Crack in the Mirror: Drama. Fair.
Day They Robbed the Bank of England: Crime drama. Fair.
Don't Panic, Chaps: Comedy. Fair.
Elmer Gantry: Comedy-drama. Excellent.
5 Branded Women: Wartime drama. Fair.
Flame Over India: Drama. Good.
From the Terrace: Drama. Fair.
The Fugitive Kind: Drama. Good.
Hannibal: "Historical" spectacle. Poor.
Heller in Pink Tights: Comedy-drama of Wild West showbiz. Good.
Ice Palace: Alaska drama. Fair.
I'm All Right, Jack: Comedy. Good.

The League of Gentlemen: Comedy-thriller about perfect crime. Good.
Light Up the Sky: War comedy. Poor.
Man on a String: Spy drama. Good.
The Mirror Has Two Faces: Domestic drama from France. Fair.
The Mountain Road: War drama. Fair.
Oscar Wilde: True-life drama. Good.
Peeping Tom: Sadistic horror. Poor.
Pollyanna: Comedy-drama. Good.
The Rat Race: Comedy-drama. Good.
School for Scoundrels: Comedy. Good.
Seven Thieves: Crime drama. Good.
The Story of Ruth: Biblical drama. Fair.
The Subterraneans: "Beat" drama. Poor.
Tarzan the Magnificent: Jungle adventure. Fair.
13 Ghosts: Horror melodrama. Poor.
Toby Tyler: Circus adventure. Good.
Two-Way Stretch: Comedy. Excellent.
The Unforgiven: Western drama. Good.
Wild River: Romantic drama. Good.



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NEWS & COLOR

IN THE NEXT MACLEAN'S

- **The menace of so-called harmless drugs**
(by Dr. Gordon Bell with Sidney Katz) Tranquilizers, pep-up pills and other seemingly innocent new drugs are "hooking" thousands of addicts each year.
- **How man came to America**
(by Franklin Russell, illustrated by Huntley Brown) Who were America's first inhabitants, what did they look like, how did they get here, where did they come from, and when?
- **When phrenology was all the rage**
(by Frank Croft) It was a circus of a science whose "professors" gave vocational guidance, marriage counsel and character assessments all by reading the bumps on a client's head.
- **Holiday weekend in Mexico City**
(by Alan Phillips)
- **Overseas Report** (by Leslie F. Hannon)

MACLEAN'S

September 24 issue on sale Tuesday, September 13



The life of Alexander Graham Bell

Continued from page 25

His backers felt they had no right to share in his invention; Bell had to insist that they had

the possibilities of the new instrument, the two partners were not of the opinion that they had a share in it. There was never the faintest trace of friction among the three men and the disclaimer on the part of Hubbard and Sanders was an evidence of their generous attitude. They did not want to assert a right which they honestly considered doubtful.

It was Graham Bell himself who insisted that they were entitled to a share in the telephone. He is on record to this effect:

"My understanding always was that the speaking telephone was included in the inventions that belonged to the Messrs. Hubbard and Sanders from the autumn of 1874 but I found at a later period that they had not this idea, which might account for the little encouragement I received to spend time on experiments relating to it. Even as late as 1876, when the telephone was an assured success, Mr. Hubbard generously offered to relinquish to me all right and title to that invention, as he was inclined to think it was outside our original understanding."

The clue to great inventions often comes like a ray of light cutting suddenly and unexpectedly through the gloom. Sometimes the inventor sees the truth hidden behind some casually accepted detail of everyday life, as in the examples of Newton and the apple and Watt and the lid of the kettle. More frequently the final result is arrived at by a logical development. The telephone seems to fall into the second as well as the bolt-in-the-blue classification.

Through all the discord which has arisen over the story of the telephone, one fact seems to be generally accepted: the key to its inception was found in Brantford during the vacation that Graham Bell spent at Tutelo Heights in 1874. He had come home very tired. Sleepless nights and irregular meals, together with incessant labor, had taken their toll. It was clear to his anxious parents that he had lost much of the ground gained during the first years in Canada.

For a brief period he allowed his mind to lie fallow. And then it came to him, the idea he had been seeking so long, the brilliant solution which scientists in all parts of civilization had been pursuing with equal intensity.

He had been studying the phonograph in connection with his efforts to complete his multiple telegraph. A phonograph, was a sound writer, a hollow cylinder with a membrane stretched over one end. A stylus was attached to the same end and, when words were spoken into the tube at the other end, the stylus would move in sympathy with the vibrations of the membrane. The result was a series of lines inscribed on smoked glass which conveyed the meaning of the words. The thought which suddenly flooded Bell's mind was that the human ear was the most perfect instrument in all nature for detecting and recording sound. What if a membrane receiver could be modeled closely after the ear? Was it possible that sounds sent over a steel wire would register in the form of speech?

One version is that Graham Bell was

JASPER

By Simpkins



There's a sure sign of a long hard winter!

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, SEPTEMBER 10, 1960

lying in his hammock when this inspiration came to him. He sat straight upright but for several moments made no further move. Then he got slowly to his feet, retrieved a book which had fallen to the ground, and turned toward the garden. For the first few steps he went slowly. Then he raced for the house.

Another version is that he was seated at the piano. His parents paid no attention when the music ceased abruptly. There was nothing new in that. He would often stop and sit for a time in perfect silence before beginning to strike single notes at intervals as though testing the exact sounds.

In either case, Bell's next step, clearly, would be to examine the composition of the ear and the way it operated. But where could the necessary specimen be obtained in Brantford? There would not be a real hospital in the town for another ten years, and certainly no youthful layman would be allowed to take a human ear from a deceased patient, to be used for experiments.

I have heard from several sources that Bell conducted experiments with a hog's ear. There is also on record a story that it was a dog's ear. The truth seems to be that Dr. Clarence J. Blake, of Boston, gave Bell a human ear in 1874, and that the young inventor took the specimen to Brantford that summer, to be used in a phonograph. It is quite possible that he kept this a secret and gave it out that he was using the ear of an animal, to prevent gossip.

Graham Bell returned to Boston after his 1874 vacation in Brantford convinced him that the membrane telephone, based on the structure of the ear, was the key to the problem. But he was still weighed down with serious problems. His two good friends in Boston, Sanders and Hubbard, who were making it possible for him to continue his experiments, showed an interest in the great idea which had come to him at Tutelo Heights but their chief concern was still the multiple telegraph.

To complicate matters still further, Bell and Mabel Hubbard were very much in love. There is nothing in the record to indicate that Hubbard opposed the match at the start but, because the young inventor was likely to become his son-in-law, a new note was introduced into their relationship. Hubbard was a sound man of business and he was not likely to favor giving his daughter in marriage to a man who seemed inclined to be visionary and lacking in stability, even though he might be the natural genius of the age. Graham Bell realized this so completely that he regretted the need to depend on his backers. Although he was in serious financial straits, he could not bring himself to go back to Hubbard and say that he needed more money.

It has been said that Hubbard finally told the young inventor he would never give his consent to Bell's marriage with Mabel unless he gave up "all this nonsense" about hearing speech over wires. The source of this story is not given and its authenticity may be doubted. There can be no doubt at all, however, that the diffident suitor feared it might come to that. Fortunately Mabel was as much in love with him as he was with her, and she had no intention of allowing anything, even a paternal veto, to come between them.



Bell had one reservation about the use of equipment fashioned on the human ear. Would it be possible for the voice to create electrical impulses strong enough to travel for long distances over wire?

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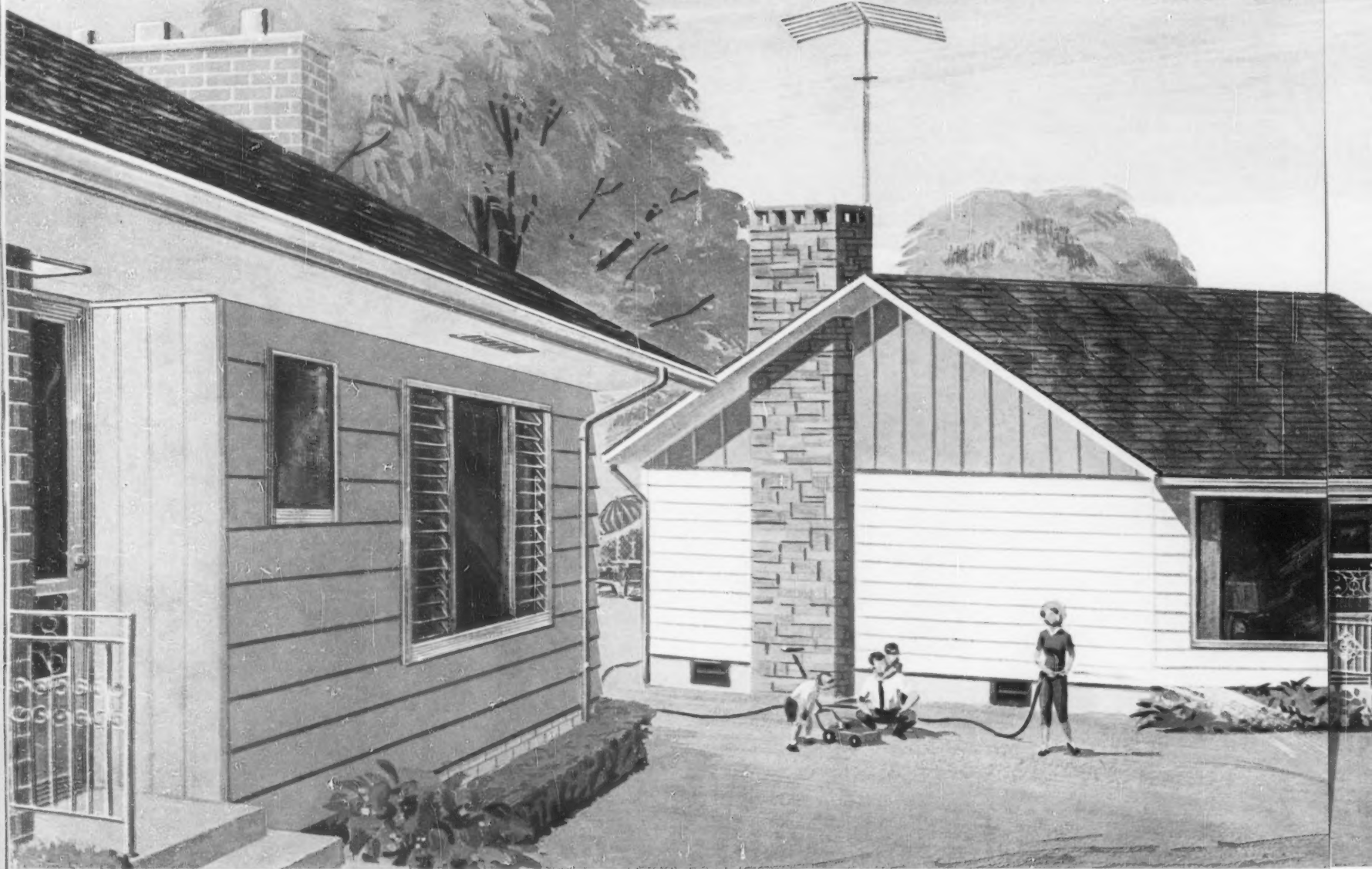
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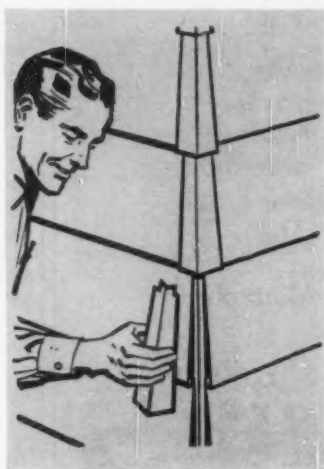
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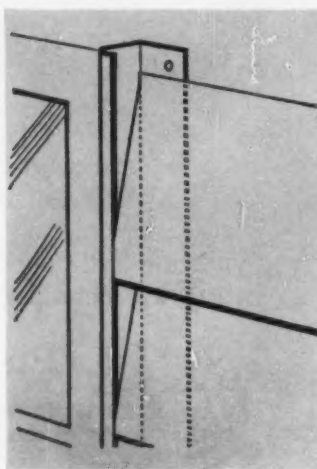
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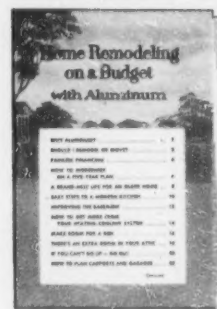
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The answer to that was found soon after his return to Boston and it came through an accident in the course of his experiments on the telegraph.

Back in Boston he made an important acquaintance. He was having all his apparatus prepared at the electrical plant of Charles Williams and on one occasion had to take back a piece of mechanism he had found imperfect. It had been the work of a young electrical worker named Thomas A. Watson. Disregarding office rules, Bell went straight to Watson's bench to explain what was wrong.

In later years Watson, who was to have his share in the glory and the wealth, wrote a volume of reminiscences, *Exploring Life*. In it he gave his first impression of Alexander Graham Bell, as he saw him that day. "A tall, slender, quick-motioned man with a pale face, black side-whiskers and drooping mustache, big nose and a high, sloping forehead crowned with bushy black hair . . . The tone of his voice seemed vividly to color his words. His clear, crisp articulation delighted me and made other men's speech seem uncouth."

Young Watson was so helpful to Bell that finally he was assigned to give all his time to the young Scot. They worked on the multiple telegraph by day and by night. The obstacles in the way of perfection could not, seemingly, be overcome. The multiple messages dispatched simultaneously over one wire stepped on each other's toes, as it were. As Watson had no keenness of sound perception, Bell had to assume all the labor of tuning and changing and retuning. It was a continuous process of tightening and loosening screws to get the transmitting

and receiving ends of the apparatus into harmony.

One evening, when all the delicate adjustments had once again gone awry, Bell shook his head in despair. "Watson," he said, "I want to tell you of another idea which I think will surprise you."

Watson was so impressed by what he was told that he always remembered the exact words. In the course of time he set them down in his autobiography.

"If I could make a current of electricity vary in intensity," explained Alexander Graham Bell, "precisely as air varies in density during the production of sound, I would be able to transmit speech electrically."

Watson has told the story of the great moment in full detail. It was on the afternoon of June 2, 1875, a distressingly sultry day. The two young men were hard at it. Bell in one room and Watson in another, sixty feet away. Bell was engaged in his continuous labor of tuning one transmitter after another. Suddenly, under Watson's intent eye, one of the transmitting springs ceased to vibrate. He was sure it had become stuck and so he plucked at it to get it free again. Most unexpectedly he heard Bell calling to him from the other room, in an excited voice.

"What did you do?"

A moment later the young Scot appeared in the doorway. His eyes were shining as, perhaps, they had never shone before. He repeated: "What did you do then? Don't change a thing! Let me see!"

Watson's story proceeds as follows: "I showed him that it was very simple. The make-and-break points of the transmitting spring I was trying to start had become welded together, so that when I snapped the spring the circuit had remained unbroken while that strip of magnetized steel was generating that marvelous conception of Bell's—a current of electricity that varied in intensity precisely as the air was varying in density within hearing distance of the spring."

That was all that Bell needed to know. Something new in electricity had been brought about, a current to which he later gave the descriptive name of undulatory. He knew at once that this undulatory current would accomplish what the interrupted current had failed to do.

Neither of the zealous pair had any doubt of the importance of the discovery. Watson wrote in his memoirs, "Bell was hearing for the first time in human history the tones and overtones of a sound transmitted by electricity."

Fearing that the new current might be an accidental effect, the pair devoted the rest of the day, far on into the hours of darkness, to repeating the process. They used every tuning spring in the shop, one after another. The result was always the same. They continued to hear the same voice-shaped electrical undulations. It was as though they were listening to the faraway voice of the spheres.

Some years later, in speaking of this, Professor Bell said: "Orders were given at once to construct the membrane telephone that was conceived in Brantford in 1874."

Sleep was out of the question for Bell after Watson had departed to catch the last train for his home in the suburbs. Finally he sat down and wrote a letter to Hubbard, thinking, no doubt, how much better and easier it would be if he could speak into a transmitter and hear his backer's voice respond from the other end. He began by saying, "I have accidentally made a discovery of the very greatest importance." ★

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Memoirs of a Stratford press agent continued from page 29

"As a missionary's daughter, I hadn't been exposed to the kind of people I met backstage"

and insisted on going through with the interview. Only when he had his story would he agree to go to the wardrobe room, where the wardrobe mistress sponged the blood off his shirt and a doctor stitched up his wound. And Johnson *still* got out front in time to see the play open.

Though Johnson naturally got a lot of sympathy from me in this case, it wasn't any cajolery or pressure on my part that got us the good press we nearly always enjoyed. The excellent productions did that. Oddly enough, some of the people who couldn't seem to grasp this idea were on the festival's board of governors. I remember when one of them got very upset over the financial and critical licking we took on a tour of London, Ont., Toronto, Montreal and New York. He thought we'd never make it through the next season unless we hired a team of high-pressure promoters from Toronto. Shakespeare, he seemed to think, could be sold like soap. Another board member thought we'd come up with some red-hot new promotional ideas if we got such people as Guthrie, Tanya Moiseiwitsch, and Douglas Campbell, the volcanic Scottish actor, into a real Madison Avenue-style brainstorming session! Fortunately, wiser heads decided that what's good for General Motors is not necessarily good for a national theatre.

But I mustn't leave the impression that the governors were insensitive or inept. They were most considerate; and without their money-raising activities and shrewd business judgment, Will Shakespeare would have died very abruptly in Stratford, Ont.

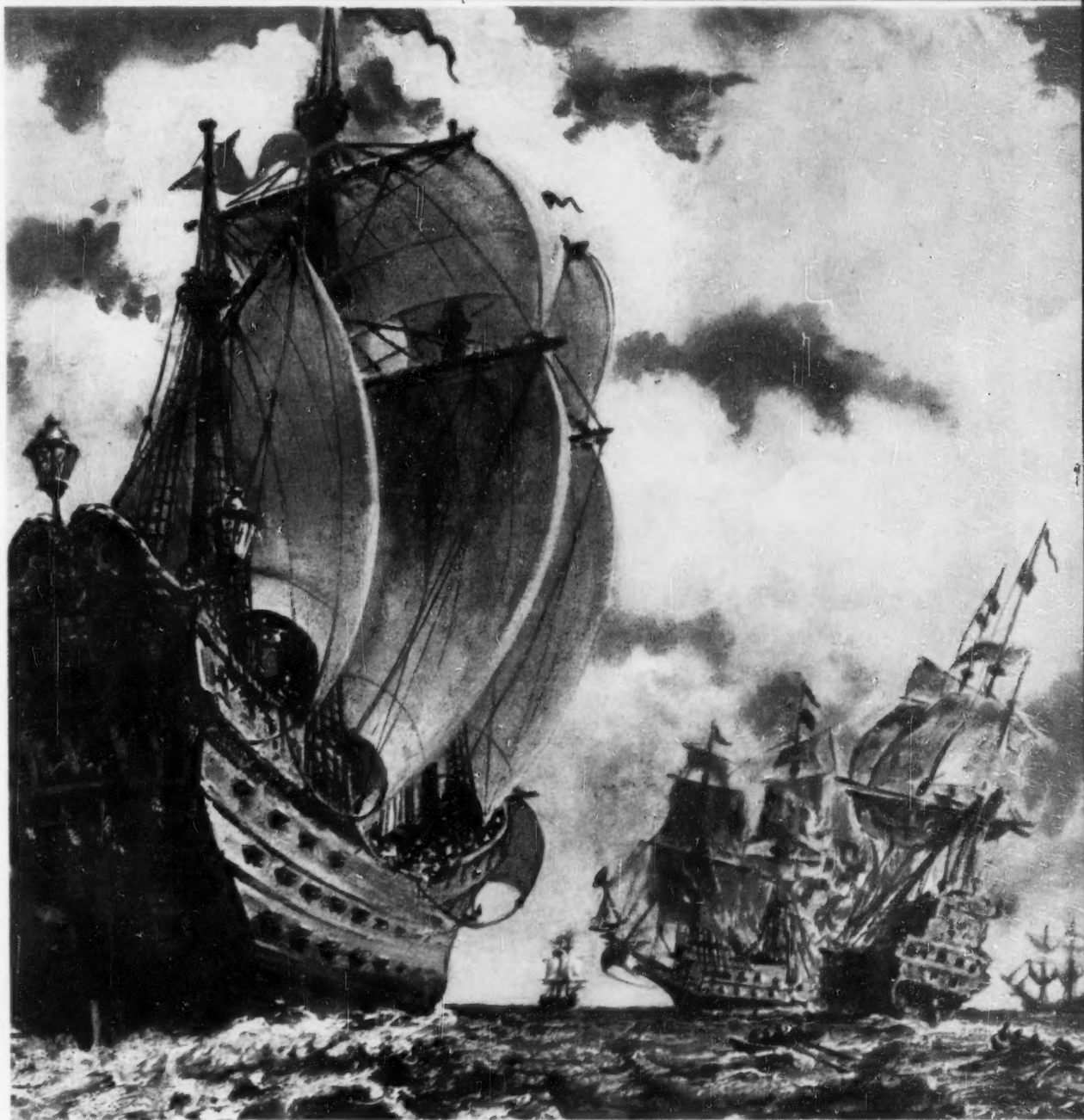
For that matter, I had no special qualifications myself for understanding the idiosyncrasies of theatrical people. In fact I was little more than a missionary's daughter away from home at the time Tom Patterson, the founder of the festival, hired me to publicize what most of us thought would be a one-season tent show. When I started the job, in the fall of 1952, I had been around some, but certainly not in the theatre. I was born in China, the daughter of Canadian missionaries, and I lived there through most of my girlhood, though we made several extended visits to Canada. I was in China during most of World War II, and again for a couple of years after the war, until the Communists got full control.

But it was a sheltered life in the sense that I was seldom separated from my

parents until I was eighteen. And even after that—as a shy, bookish student at the University of Toronto, then as a schoolmarm in China and later in rural Ontario—I was never exposed to the kind of people I was to meet at Stratford.

Though I had turned from teaching to freelance public relations by the time I met Tom Patterson, I'll never know exactly why he thought I'd be right for the job. I suppose I wasn't a completely illogical choice, at that, for I doubt if any

other theatrical venture ever got started with as much missionary zeal as Patterson's. His irrepressible enthusiasm is legend by now, and I found it contagious. Perhaps it was for that reason, more than any other, that I tried to



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understand what makes theatrical people tick. If you were around some opening nights, for instance, you might have seen Tyrone Guthrie arrive at the theatre in formal dress—on his bicycle. But if you concluded that he was either insane or plain silly, you were dead wrong. Guthrie is a man who just doesn't give a damn what people think of him; with him, it's his work that counts. The monkey suit was his concession to opening-night convention, the bicycle his sensible way of getting around in Stratford.

Chris Plummer, who may yet be acclaimed the greatest actor in the theatre today, had idiosyncrasies that were harder to understand and sometimes impossible to forgive. At the stage door, I've seen him turn and curse a bystander for no apparent reason; and I've watched the whole company fume while Plummer dawdled in his dressing room, deliberately delaying a play's opening. Yet I learned to understand why, at rehearsals, he might stop suddenly in mid-sentence, let out a foul word, then stand silent and motionless. He wasn't doing this to impress anybody; it was his way of releasing the unbearable tension that had built up inside him during hour after hour of strenuous concentration.

Anti-Semitic thunder

The late Frederick Valk was one of those rare actors who could release this tension—for everybody—through his humor. A Czechoslovak Jew who lost many of his relatives in Hitler's ovens after escaping from Germany himself, Valk was cast at Stratford as Shylock in the Merchant of Venice. Since he understood the role far better than the self-appointed critics who labeled the play anti-Semitic, he soon got fed up with the public controversy that was raging over this production. One afternoon in the Stratford tent, Valk and the rest of the cast were finding rehearsal unusually tough because of the noise of a storm outside. Valk had just come to that moving and sensitive passage where Shylock is emphasizing that the Jew, like the Gentile, is above all a human being: "Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses . . ."

At that instant a clap of thunder broke overhead, as if in rebuttal from the Lord Himself. Valk glared upward and shook his fist. "That," he cried, "I class as anti-Semitism!"

It almost broke up the rehearsal.

I grow impatient with people who think every unusual thing an actor does off stage is "just a publicity stunt." You may think all actors are hungry for publicity. But many of them find it distasteful, and some are more frightened by an innocuous interview than they are by the harrowing ordeal of opening night. On stage a shy, sensitive actor can hide within the character he is portraying. Off stage, with no memorized lines to deliver, no costume to wear, no predetermined motions to make and no character to play but himself, he feels naked and vulnerable—as vulnerable as you or I would feel if we were suddenly thrust before an audience and ordered to start performing.

Kate Reid is an actress who has always seemed completely sure of herself in the dozens of roles she has played at Stratford and elsewhere. Yet she is frightened of making an unrehearsed public appearance. I remember arranging for her to appear on TV as a guest challenger on a now-defunct panel show called One of a Kind. Later I heard that her fear had bordered on terror. I asked her about it, since this seemed so differ-

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ent from the Kate Reid I knew off stage. She explained she always felt that way when she had to appear anywhere with no memorized lines to speak. I doubt if she would have gone through with the show if it hadn't meant valuable publicity for Stratford.

And in further defense, I'd like to point out that actors aren't the only people capable of unreasonable temperament. Last summer, when the Queen and Prince Philip visited Stratford, I locked horns with an American newspaperwoman who thought the tour rules were made for everybody but her. One rule was that reporters had to get into the theatre before the royal party did, or stay outside. This woman was determined to follow the royal couple inside. When I stepped up and told her she couldn't go in, she called me a dirty word, then dragged me to the press room. There she insisted I wait while she

phoned her editor in New York and told him about the despicable treatment she was getting. I hope her editor was more interested in it than I was. Once she got on the phone, I walked out.

Anyhow, I was in no mood for such antics that day. With several hundred extra Canadian, British and U.S. reporters on hand, I and my staff of four had been going crazy trying to keep them supplied with the information they wanted — who was who and what was going to happen next. I'd been on the go since early morning, with no time to eat, drink

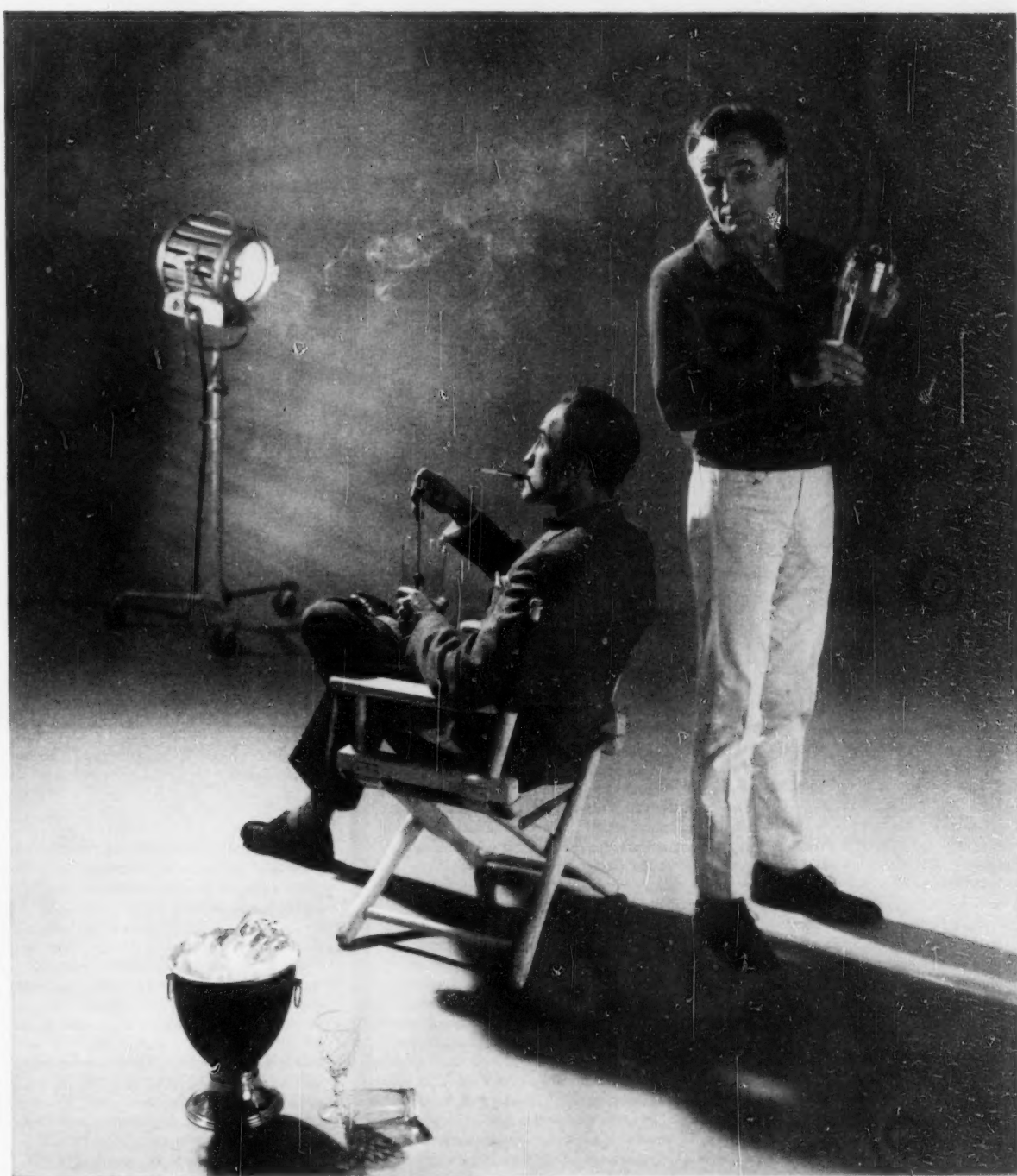
or change into the fancy dress I'd bought for the occasion. When my shoes became unbearable, I tossed them off and kept going in my stocking feet. I was still in this unkempt condition after the play, when I dashed out front from backstage to show a group of cameramen where they could stand to photograph the royal party. Suddenly I looked around to see the Queen and Prince Philip walking straight for us. As the boys got their pictures and pulled back out of the way, I tried to look as inconspicuous as possible. I hope if I ever encounter royalty

again, I can do it in style — with shoes on.

I'd still be running around Stratford in my stocking feet if I hadn't begun to get restless. A few more seasons at Stratford and people would be thinking of me as Good Old Aunt Mary, the permanent festival fixture. I miss it, of course. But if I'd stayed, I would never have got around to sitting through an entire performance. This year, I wouldn't have missed that for anything. For one thing, it confirmed what I had always suspected: it's more fun backstage. ★



MACLEAN'S



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Smirnoff VODKA

Joyce Davidson

Continued from page 19

products free of charge and a trapper recently invited her to trap herself a few mink for a coat. One gentleman claims to receive secret messages from her through her commercials, and an inmate of a mental ward manages to smuggle out letters to her because he believes that she is the girl he left behind many years ago in England.

Her face is so well known that if she wants privacy, she wears glasses and a wig. She does this when she wants to ride on the subway with her daughters or take them out for a hamburger. But she doesn't always succeed in hiding her identity.

Not all the attention she gets is favorable. There are many who will never forgive her for her remark about the Queen. Many still refuse to watch her for this reason. One woman called the CBC every night for three weeks demanding to have "that blond witch" removed. Others think she's a second-rate interviewer.

But for every one who doesn't there are dozens who do like to see her on the screen, and they're not only men. Perhaps one of her secrets is that she possesses more aesthetic appeal than sex appeal. Most people I discussed her with agreed that her beauty, though almost perfect, is not dangerous or disturbing. She is no *femme fatale*.

Women are seldom jealous of her. Once, when a couple from out of town were having dinner with her, the husband couldn't keep his eyes off her face. But his usually jealous wife didn't object.

"She's so perfect," she said, "that I like to look at her myself."

Most men, of course, feel that she radiates charm. But here again it is not so much sex appeal as cozy comfort that attracts them. They say she is nice to be with, nice to look at, nice to talk to, interested and a good listener — she is the frail child who has to be protected, and at the same time the mother who offers solace. These are her greatest assets as an interviewer.

"She commits herself completely," says Ted Pope, a former producer of *Tabloid*. "She makes her guests feel comfortable and takes away their embarrassment. She can laugh when everybody else is afraid."

Frightened people seem to relax her; only if her guests are very relaxed does she herself become tense. A few years ago, in her television apprenticeship, she was called on to interview women like Cornelia Otis Skinner and Dame Margot Fonteyn. She admits they overpowered her. "I lost my self-confidence with them," she told me. "They sat there, cold, hostile, and negative, with flaring nostrils and mouth done up with a drawstring, judging me: I was the dumb blonde."

My own impression is that Miss Davidson (actually she's *Mrs.*, but she prefers *Miss*) is as far from being dumb as she is from being the plain girl next door; she strikes me as a shrewd, ambitious, determined and purposeful individual. More than luck hoisted her to celebrity. A girl who works for years to force her bow legs to meet in the middle is not just lucky. She brought the same kind of determination to her career and she didn't learn it; she was born with it.

Some of her friends recall an incident

in which she stood up and gave her subtly nagging escort a premeditated punch in the nose. At a Toronto party she once poured a glass of Scotch, with water and ice cubes, over the head of a lady who tried to minimize her assets as an entertainer and a woman. Long before that, as young Joyce Brock, she threw a five-pound bookend at her sister Connie. Luckily it smashed only the bathroom door.

When she was seventeen she demonstrated her willfulness by marrying a local boy named Doug Davidson, a good-looking metal-lathe operator and amateur hockey and lacrosse player; she had been going steady with him for two years. She bore him two children, helped to build a house, and became a well-liked neighbor in a working-class district in Hamilton. While she was pregnant with her second daughter she entered a beauty contest at her mother-in-law's urging. She was one of five girls chosen out of 50,000. The prize: \$400 and a week's vacation in New York.

She says she used to be an unpopular, plain girl, with straight hair and colorless lashes, so skinny that once when she forgot the key of her parents' house, her girl friends were able to push her in through the milk box. Jon Whitcomb, an American magazine illustrator who arranged the beauty contest and for whom she later modeled, made her feel beautiful. But in fact Joyce was never an ugly duckling, her girlhood friends in Hamilton told me. "She was different," one of them recalled. "She walked with her chin up and her shoulders back like a lady. She thought kissing games were childish and was more interested in the Hamilton Theatre Guild than in the subjects the boys wanted to discuss."

From soldering to TV chores

After the beauty contest Joyce Davidson's picture, somewhat changed by Whitcomb's brush, appeared in a few magazines. Nothing happened for a while. Her desire to perform in front of an audience was channeled into house parties, which she enlivened with pantomimes and imitations. She took a job soldering condensers in a Hamilton factory, to help out at home with money. Her career there ended shortly after a Christmas party. An executive who was in the habit of insisting that the girls kiss him demanded this favor from Joyce. She left.

When the Hamilton television station opened in 1954, she gave herself a quick home course in typing and applied for an office job, was tested as a news reader, and was hired as a kitchen helper on a cooking show. All she had to do was peel potatoes and wash dishes. She hated it.

In her free time she was watching Betty Furness and other artistes of the commercial. Slowly she developed her own technique. Eventually she was doing eleven commercials a week for \$3 each, and helping the salesmen find advertisers. She bought herself a memory-improving book and spurned mechanical prompters. By now she was doing commercials in Toronto, too. She would get up at six to prepare her husband's breakfast, see to the children and the house, catch the noon train to Toronto, run from one agency to the other, do a CBC commercial, and rehearse new ones on the night train home.

In 1956 Elaine Grand, an interviewer on *Tabloid*, left for England. To replace her, the producers looked at a long line of candidates. They chose two girls; one of them was Joyce Davidson. Her main recommendation was her face, but this must have been enough. The other girl, Paisley Maxwell, alternated with Joyce

A Maclean's Flashback

The day the Nazis took over Winnipeg

At 6:30 on February 18, 1942, early risers heard the ominous roar of diving aircraft and the crump of bombs. By 9:30, they heard their mayor surrender the city to a gauleiter. Here's what it was all about

BY TED BURCH

On the night of February 18, 1942, fresh snow was falling over Winnipeg. By midnight, it had stopped. The clouds had disappeared, and the clear moonlight was so bright that as late revelers plugged in their cars, slammed garage doors and raced for warm beds, they could easily read their thermometers: 14 below zero.

By two o'clock in the morning, most of the all-night restaurants were nearly deserted. Policemen huddled in their buffalo greatcoats at the corner of Portage and Main, or squeaked through the new snowfall as they tried doorways. Cruising taxis shared the empty streets with work crews salting streetcar switches or repairing trolley wires.

It was the kind of still, clear cold that happens on Christmas Eve, when children peer up at the stars hoping for a glimpse of Santa Claus — the kind of night that many an ex-Winnipegger, slogging through the chalk pits on the South Downs thirty-five hundred miles away, thought of with nostalgia.

At six o'clock on a cold winter's morning in Winnipeg, there isn't much more than a faint streak of light in the east to indicate the coming dawn. On the morning of Thursday, February 19, most Winnipeggers slept peacefully. At that moment, troops in Nazi uniforms were forming up quietly along suburban roads on

the western outskirts of St. James, not more than six miles due west of Portage and Main.

Half an hour later, early risers who had switched on their radios heard the unbelievable news that the city was under attack. Then suburban areas heard shots, the ominous roar of diving aircraft, the crump of aerial bombs, the rattle of small-arms fire and the whine of mortar shells. Finally, the disturbances erupted into a blasting blitzkrieg that shook Manitoba and Canada out of their 1942 complacency.

The attack was planned and carried out with a daring typical of the Wehrmacht. Winnipeggers had watched the same thing with detachment in newsreels.

The first indication that anything was wrong had come at 5.30, when a taxi carrying a disc jockey on his way to work was halted by a platoon of Nazi stormtroopers who stepped into the road. Three stormtroopers got in and ordered the cabbie to drive to the radio station. They captured it in fifteen minutes. Studios and transmitters of all radio stations in the city were taken quickly and without opposition. At this same time, strong forces in light tanks occupied road and rail junctions.

Startled residents, turning on their radios, were greeted with the news that



In 14-below-zero weather, the shock troops of the Nazi invaders of Winnipeg opened the assault on rail and road junctions. In a few hours, they'd taken over the entire city.

St. James, St. Boniface, Fort Garry, the Kildonans, St. Vital, and other outlying municipalities were under attack. Confirmation came quickly from their own front windows, as shots were heard in residential districts. Tanks and light carriers clanked through quiet streets.

One by one, key traffic points were taken and consolidated: the St. James Bridge at Tuxedo, the Provencher Bridge over the Red River to St. Boniface, the Redwood Bridge to Elmwood. The Pembina Highway was roadblocked at Fort Garry and the Selkirk Highway at Seven Oaks in West Kildonan. The city was methodically hemmed in. As the ring closed, street battles intensified — but surprise, speed, and superior firepower told the story, and the defending militia were driven back. By 9.30 a.m. — just three and a half hours after the first shots were fired, the dazed citizens heard their own mayor, over their own radio stations, surrender to Winnipeg's new gauleiter — Erich von Neurenberg — and Winnipeg was in the hands of the strutting, goosestepping Nazis.

As the day wore slowly on, Winnipeggers were given ample evidence of what the Nazi victory meant. R. F. McWilliams, Manitoba's lieutenant-governor, and John Bracken, the premier, were the first to be arrested. John Queen, mayor

of Winnipeg and a key figure in the city's labor movement, was arrested in his office. The government leaders were locked up in jail at Lower Fort Garry, twenty miles north of Winnipeg.

After taking over the administration of civic and provincial government, Gauleiter von Neurenberg turned his attention to Winnipeg's newspapers and printing presses, radio stations, telephones, telegraph offices, and other means of communication. The presses were soon churning out instructions for citizens of Canada's first Nazi-conquered city. By noon, the Swastika flew over Winnipeg and stormtroopers swarmed the streets.

By mid-afternoon, the take-over of the community's functions was almost complete. Churches were closed and placarded; ministers of all faiths were forbidden to hold services. Schoolchildren were told that instruction would be resumed when acceptable teachers were available. Libraries were closed and unacceptable books were being burned in the streets.

That evening, the Winnipeg Tribune, renamed Das Winnipeg Lügenblatt, appeared with its front page in German script. It contained a martial decree signed by Erich von Neurenberg over the Swastika, listing what citizens could do, could not do, and would do, with the penalties for disobedience spelled out in

unmistakable language. No question marks remained: every Manitoban was given a clear picture of what defeat by Hitler's stormtroopers meant in terms of personal liberty.

The Nazi invasion of Winnipeg was a shocking lesson to the citizens of Manitoba on the consequences of defeat by Hitler's hordes. It drove home the fact that the community was at war.

The Nazis were members of the young men's section of the Winnipeg Board of Trade, dressed in uniforms borrowed from Hollywood. Their realistic attack had been co-ordinated with a giant military manoeuvre involving all of Winnipeg's militia units. The plan was given the name If Day, to illustrate as graphically as possible what would happen if Hitler won the war.

Because a surprise impact was important, no advance warning was given other than a proclamation by the mayor that If Day would be held to demonstrate the effect of a Nazi victory. Stunned citizens, overwhelmed by the realism of the invasion, wept on the streets at the sight of Nazis burning books and looting homes. But the planners of the operation, by anticipating possible causes of real panic, were able to avoid the hysterical reaction caused a few years earlier by Orson Welles' radio broadcast of

an invasion from Mars. By the next morning, all was over. The Nazi uniforms were returned to Hollywood—and Manitobans returned to their friendly and familiar world.

What did If Day accomplish? It was planned with one primary purpose — to put the people of Manitoba in the right frame of mind for buying Victory Bonds. If Day accomplished its purpose with honors — Manitobans were the first to pass their goal of \$28,000,000, and they kept right on buying until \$43,000,000 worth of bonds had been sold — 53.5 percent over their quota. The national quota of \$600,000,000 was surpassed by 41 percent, and a great deal of the success of the national campaign was attributed to If Day, which was given continent-wide publicity.

But it served another purpose as well, for it showed the horror of what Adolf Hitler was trying to accomplish, in terms that hit home quickly and hard. The message came through that the play-acting could easily become real.

Many of the young men who play-acted as Nazis that cold winter's day in 1942 fired real bullets and real shells at real Nazis before the war ended. Some of them, after helping to raise the funds that sent them to Europe, are still there — in war cemeteries. ★

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world that only hours ago blocked
your horizon so hugely.

You laughed. You stretched.

You reached out and tried all you
could, but never touched the
bounds of your new horizon-to-
horizon world!

You reveled in the space that was
yours to live in. The size of your
ship. The very size of the air around you, ringing with laughter
and fun as you've never known it.

And your evening, now, will be filled once again with the rich
pleasures of a kingdom that belongs to you, generously shared
with those who share your ship.

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"She's undoubtedly learned most from producer Ross McLean. 'Say new, not noo,' he told her"

for six months and then left the show to have a baby. Joyce was on her own. In the years since, she has learned to move with confidence in front of the cameras but the memory of the cultured Elaine Grand still hangs over her head.

"I feel I'll never be able to fill her shoes," Miss Davidson told producer Andrew Allan during a recent interview, "and the funny thing is that we take the same size."

Among the many glamor- and sweater-girl photos in the CBC files there is a picture of Joyce Davidson when she arrived in Toronto four years ago. In a plain dark dress with a white collar, a white hat and a trunk at her feet, she looks like the new maid ready to start her duties around the house.

"She was very quiet at that time, shy, insecure and frightened," producer Ted Pope recalls. "She would sit in a corner and watch, watch and learn everything."

She is no longer frightened or insecure, but she is still learning. She has a sponge-like quality that enables her to pick up something from everyone she meets. She learns from her friends, her housekeeper, the make-up girls, her co-workers and the guests she interviews. She has undoubtedly learned most from CBC producer Ross McLean. It was he who taught her how to speak ("Say new, not noo."), how to hold her hands, her head, how to walk and how to stand. McLean spent endless hours with her looking at the re-runs of old films and correcting her faults. Some people who have been close to Miss Davidson through this period insist that it was actually McLean who discovered her and made her what she is now; other people laugh at the idea.

Was McLean her Svengali? According to her friends, no — she is her own. She

knows what she wants and goes after it, using whatever help she can get on the way.

After her divorce from Doug Davidson ("We were too young when we got married, and when we grew up we had nothing to talk about.") there was a period when her friends assumed she would marry McLean. She still seeks McLean's professional advice and approval but says she has no marriage plans. She says she feels like an old bachelor, set in her ways. She employs a lawyer and a chartered accountant to invest her savings. Last year she incorporated herself (as Joyce Davidson Ltd.), and one day she plans to operate an agency for entertainers. She argues that she has to be a good business woman as long as she is manless.

How far will she go? McLean, whose enthusiasm is pardonable, thinks she has the native ability to excel all commercial television performers including Ed Sullivan's Julia Meade and Revlon's Barbara Britton.

Her first audition in the States came through a lucky accident. A Canadian announcer applying for a U. S. television job tried to sell himself with the help of a tape that included a commercial by Joyce Davidson. A New York agent liked her work and called her. Since then every Davidson audition has been a success. Besides the Lux soap ads she does for Jack Benny's show, she has been offered deodorant and dandruff-remover ads. She turned them down because they "lack prestige."

She makes three times as much money in the U. S. as she does in Canada, but she says she wants to be faithful to Tabloid as long as she can, partly because she likes it, partly out of loyalty, partly because she dislikes burning



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bridges. This clinging to old jobs, to old acquaintances, even to old shoes is characteristic.

"Her response to her good luck is rational and humble," says McLean. "She's never believed in its permanence."

In the meantime she enjoys it while it lasts.

Her great passion is clothes, preferably on the order of Dior. And she loves furs. Her first fur piece was a China mink jacket, which she bought while commuting from Hamilton to replace the coats she borrowed from her mother and sister.

The first night she owned it she slept in it. Her latest acquisition is a chinchilla stole.

"It's longer than an average Hollywood bed," she says with some pride, "74 inches — and still growing."

She lives in the Rosedale district of Toronto with her two daughters, Shelley, ten, and Connie, nine. The household is rounded out by a benign Irish housekeeper, Winifred, and two French poodles named Irving and Mishka. Like its owner, the house is unpretentious but has spots of extravagance. There among the blue

chesterfields and green checked cushions and the white broadloom and the Albert Franck paintings and a certain squint-eyed doll — Miss Davidson picked it up in a department store because she felt sorry for it — I saw the off-camera faces of Joyce Davidson.

Her Toronto friends range from a colored girl cab driver to established writers and artists. To keep up with conversation in these varied fields Miss Davidson, who a few years ago admired anyone who could finish an entire issue of Time, now reads until three and four

every morning. Her favorites are Alberto Moravia, Colette and Simone de Beauvoir.

She likes to surround herself with beautiful women and she says she never feels jealous. "The only thing I envy," she says, "is brains." She often arranges auditions for friends she believes have hidden talents.

Although she keeps in close touch with some of her childhood girl friends (this includes phoning them at two or three in the morning), she is happy to have left behind "that life of small mortgages and small minds, the circle of hypocritical bigots who could have served jail sentences, had paternity records, given away their babies and swapped wives, but would smash anyone for using a four-letter word or taking the side of the Negroes or the Jews."

She tries not to let her work interfere with her role as a mother. She can be with her children in the mornings and during their lunch hour; she is usually back from work before their bedtime, and she makes a point of spending all her weekends with them. The two girls are very close to their mother. She treats them as adults and they feel they can discuss everything with her.

The girls have suffered from their mother's celebrity only once, as an aftermath of the royal-tour incident. They were insulted at school and swamped by reporters on the street until Miss Davidson phoned the city editors and threatened to lay a charge of molesting against any reporter approaching the youngsters. Those times she considers the most awful in her life. When she made her statement, she knew that Dave Garraway would expect her to give an honest opinion. The week before, she had talked to her friend June Callwood, a Toronto freelance writer, who was working on an article for Look on the subject. Miss Callwood, in the course of interviews, had come to the conclusion that most Canadians were indifferent to the royal tour and so Miss Davidson felt prepared to say what she did. However, she says now, she would never do it again. She would phrase her answer in a different way.

The more careful and composed Joyce Davidson spent the hours from two to six in the morning and twelve to five in the afternoon for two weeks this summer ad-libbing political chitchat with many of the most adroit political commentators in America. She was appearing as Dave Garraway's Girl Friday while the Garraway show covered for NBC the activities surrounding the U. S. presidential nominations. This is a widely quoted sample of the more carefully phrased answers she has taught herself to give: "I have a feeling the real decisions here are being made behind the scenes."

The girl who made this safe but apparently acceptable statement has come a long way. She can't dance, she can't sing, she can't act. But perhaps if she could she would be lost in the competition of the many who can, yet never climb higher than a local cabaret. With more schooling she might not have been so eager to develop what has turned out to be her greatest asset — the unpretentious charm and honesty that have made her one of the best-paid and best-known women on this continent.

She loves this role and she enjoys the work.

"The only sad thing about interviewing people," she says, "is that sometimes I grow so fond of them during those few short minutes that I wish I could meet them again in five and ten and twenty years, and it makes me sorry to think that I won't. ★

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FOOD

Continued from page 15

"Safe is a most ambiguous term in food technology . . . The tolerance system, or safe-dose concept, means that every day we are eating poison in tiny quantities "

two to three p.p.m. appeared after several days in the meat and milk, while butter made from the milk, because it was concentrated, contained twenty times as much. The U. S. Department of Agriculture has reported "the contamination of raisins stored for one month in boxes treated with DDT on the outside only." It penetrates the kernels of sunflowers and corn. Sacks of wheat and soya flour, ground nuts and cocoa beans sprayed with a one to five percent solution, the amount required to keep insects off during storage, absorbed from five to six hundred and forty-five p.p.m.

It's a rare meal — or person — today that doesn't contain DDT. It "accumulates in the body tissues," the U. S. Public Health Service notes, "especially in females." Reversal is next to impossible; even trace amounts build up. Washing food serves little purpose; DDT isn't watersoluble. U. S. studies of human fat, though few (they require a biopsy, minor surgery or an analysis of mothers' milk), indicate that we have at least three times as much DDT in our tissues today as in 1950, though Dr. McKinley says, "We've studied human fat and found less than ten parts per million, which isn't excessive."

The clinical support for this statement was supplied by Dr. Wayland Hayes, a U. S. Public Health Service toxicologist. He fed DDT to penitentiary volunteers for eighteen months and reported that it did them no harm. Various doctors have criticized this study, pointing out that although DDT is a known delayed-action poison, Dr. Hayes made no follow-ups and dismissed all complaints (such as "pain every day in every bone") as psychoneurotic.

Psychoneurotic symptoms are precisely those that two California investigators, Dr. Francis Pottenger and Dr. Bernard Krone, found that DDT produced in many patients, along with hepatitis and a rise in blood cholesterol, often a prelude to hardening of the arteries. As the American Medical Association Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry stated, warning against the use of pesticides in vaporizers, "the resultant injury may be cumulative or delayed, or simulate a chronic disease of other origin."

Dr. R. D. Lillie of the National Institute of Health, at Bethesda, Maryland, has shown that DDT produces degeneration of the spinal cord in rabbits and dogs, and Dr. Biskind notes "the striking rise" in polio in the U. S. and among inveterate DDT-spraying American troops in the Far East (though not among native people) and among the DDT-using Jews in Israel (though not among the Arabs).

Dr. Malcolm M. Hargraves, Mayo Clinic blood specialist, after treating more than two hundred patients exposed

to DDT and related pesticides, believes that DDT causes leukemia, aplastic anemia, Hodgkin's disease, and other blood disorders. "DDT produces an excess excitability of the cardiac muscle," says Dr. Lehman, of the FDA. "It damages every organ of the body," says Dr. Biskind, who has treated hundreds of cases. Many patients, say Drs. Pottenger and Krone, "may die slowly from insecticides without the true cause of their death being recognized."

The newer organic phosphorus-containing pesticides, akin to nerve gases in

chemical warfare, are so powerful that sprayers wear protective clothing and masks. They do not collect in the body fat, but experiments on dogs with one of them, parathion, indicate that as little as one part per million, the permitted residue, cumulatively, irreversibly, breaks down the enzyme systems controlling our muscles. When several pesticides are on the same diet — not unlikely, since many farmers use half a dozen — "the effect," say FDA researchers, "is at least additive."

As insects breed resistant strains, pois-

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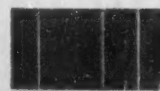
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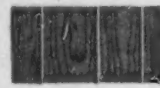
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ons grow more potent. Chlordane, used for roach control in restaurants, is five times as deadly as DDT. Heptachlor, a vegetable spray, is five times as toxic as chlordane. Dieldrin is so toxic that only one part per billion is allowed to remain on some crops, but a million dollars' worth of dieldrin was used in Saskatchewan last year to fight a grasshopper plague. Dr. Chapman of F&D, asked what residues were found on crops and milk and what harm had been done to wildlife, replied that survey results "are not available for publication as yet."

About 150 pesticides are now in use in Canada: as aerosol sprays in food stores and food plants; as fumigants in warehouses; as mothproofing for textiles; in suntan lotions, paint, floorwax and wallpaper. We absorb them through the skin, breathe them, ingest them. And ironically, A. D. Pickett of the federal agriculture department's division of entomology suggests that, by destroying natural predators, they perpetuate the emergency for which they were first used.

Almost every item of farm produce is now chemically altered. With apples and

CANADIANECDOTE



The phony Eskimos who fooled CNE crowds

Of the many odd displays over the years at the Canadian National Exhibition probably none was stranger than one in 1937. That year Philip H. Godsell, an explorer, fur trader and member of the New York Explorers' Club, was commissioned to set up a duplicate of an Eskimo village. It was to be the first seen outside the Arctic.

Plaster igloos and snowdrifts were constructed on the Toronto site. Godsell, who now lives in Calgary, arranged to bring Eskimos from Churchill, Man. Just as the show was to open, Godsell received word that the Eskimos couldn't come. Toronto newspapers had already publicized the event and it was too late to call the thing off. The nimble and undaunted Godsell made a hurried trip to Toronto's Chinatown and recruited six of its residents and fitted them out in authentic Eskimo attire (one of them had to have a gold-filled tooth camouflaged). Soon they were masquerading as Eskimos in front of the plaster igloos.

Reporters clamored for interviews but were told "the Eskimos are very nervous." A press conference was finally arranged at Toronto's King Edward Hotel. The "Eskimos" replied to questions with "glub, glub..." and other incom-

prehensible sounds. An ex-RCMP friend of Godsell's gave interviewers the Eskimos' impressions of Toronto.

Back at the exhibit a rugged eighteen-foot plaster snowdrift was erected to keep viewers at a safe distance, but Godsell was still beset by a variety of misadventures. A CNE official reported that one of the Eskimos was nonchalantly strolling down the midway, glasses perched jauntily on his nose, reading a newspaper account of the Japanese invasion of Shanghai. The errant Eskimo was quickly located and hustled back to his igloo. Next, an enterprising salesman conceived the novel idea of selling the Eskimos a refrigerator. The salesman, accompanied by photographers and reporters, completed the phony sale, which was given generous newspaper coverage.

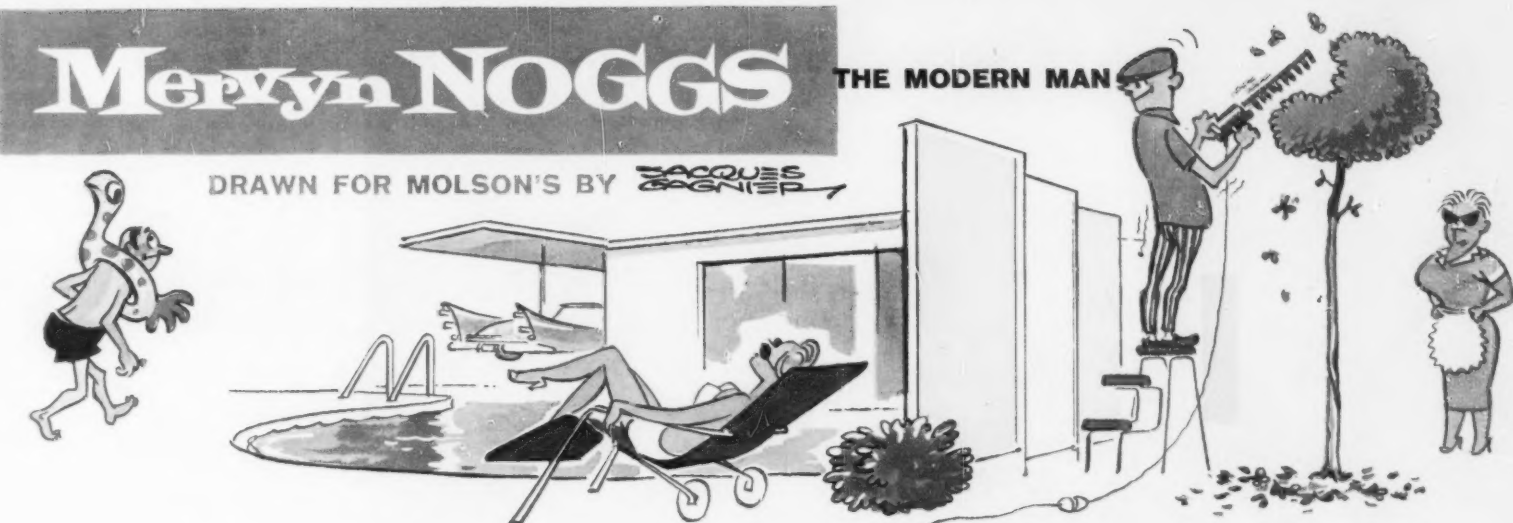
The final crisis came when two Eskimo-speaking missionaries demanded to speak to the Eskimos. Godsell told them the Eskimos had to be kept segregated to prevent their contracting white man's diseases. The missionaries stomped angrily off. When the CNE closed down after two weeks, no one was more relieved and thankful than Philip Godsell. — EDDIE OLYNUK AND BOB SHIELDS

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

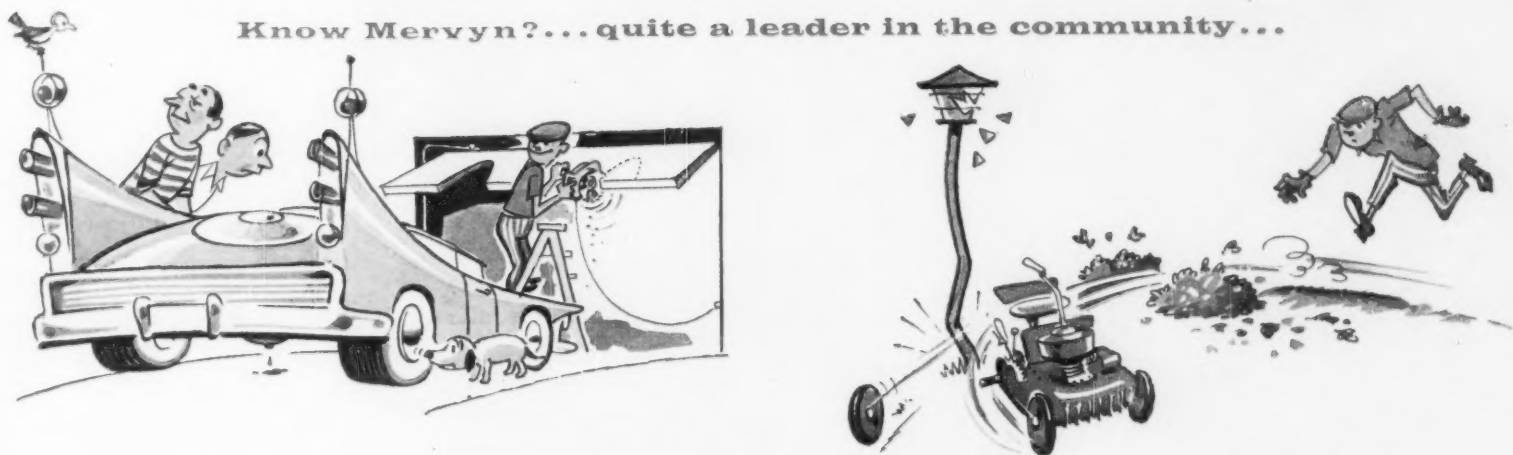
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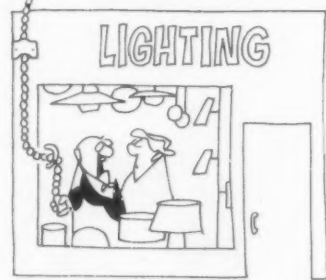
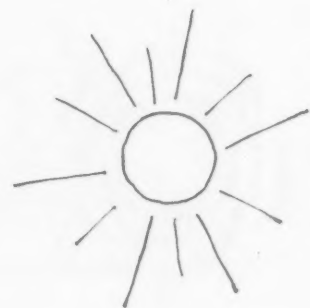
*usually found under number 6



THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

pears we may consume traces of streptomycin, used to halt fire blight. Penicillin, used to treat mastitis in cattle, shows up in one of every hundred bottles of milk. Milk may also contain aureomycin, sometimes added to cattle feed, and widely used as a dip to preserve fowl and fish, which absorb it. F&D claims "no significant residual antibiotic activity" after cooking, but the British medical publication *Lancet* reports that "frying leaves minute traces."

F&D admits that the person who eats food treated with aureomycin may not benefit from its therapeutic effect, but is otherwise sanguine about traces of these drugs in our food. The *Journal of the American Medical Association*, however, points out that small repeated doses of antibiotics sensitize some people, after which "administration of an antibiotic



MACLEAN'S

mpsws

"Here's something a little different."

may cause serious illness or even death," while Dr. Carl G. Hartman of the Ortho Research Foundation says that aureomycin destroys the intestinal bacteria that make vitamins.

More hazardous, perhaps, is stilbestrol, a synthetic female sex hormone widely used to turn cattle feed quickly into weight, mostly fat and water. F&D officials say that their assays, so sensitive they detect two parts per billion, show no residues in the meat where the cattle were fed "according to directions." But Dr. Robert Enders, zoologist at Swarthmore College, reports that "rodents used in research . . . must now be fed special diets to avoid reproductive failure due to stilbestrol . . . No one is certain how this stilbestrol gets into the meat meals, but it is there . . ."

Stilbestrol in large single doses has no long-range effect, but, says Dr. Hartman, "extremely minute doses can effectively sterilize and injure laboratory animals." It damages the uterus, and stimulates females sexually while rendering males impotent. If its use continues, says Enders, "the vegetarian will inherit the earth." For a decade stilbestrol was used in the U.S. (though not in Canada) to castrate fowl chemically. Last year it was banned. Trace amounts, found in liver and skin fat, cause cancer in mice.

The shadow of cancer hovers over those U.S. food officials who, in effect, set policy in Canada. They can sanction "safe" doses of chemicals that cause heart or liver damage — but not cancer, the century's most feared disease.

Canada's Food and Drug Act contains no such anti-cancer clause. "It worries us," says C. A. Morrell, F&D director. "In our view their law is too rigid. Arsenic is a known carcinogen (cancer-causing substance). It's found in most plant foods. If they followed the law to the letter, what would be left?" F&D clearly favors a safe-dose approach to carcinogens.

Many dyes can cause cancer

The cancer experts of fifty nations who make up the International Union Against Cancer have twice condemned this concept. "We now know that cancer can be caused by chemical substances," says Professor Hermann Druckrey of the German Research Council, stressing that it starts from the sum of all the single doses. Druckrey fed rats butter yellow (a dye banned in 1936) and found that smaller doses simply lengthened the time it took for the tumors to appear.

"The younger the animal is when he is treated with a carcinogen," says Dr. Francis Ray, head of the Cancer Research Laboratory of the University of Florida, "the more certain is the production of cancer . . . We may be initiating cancer in the children of today by the addition of chemicals . . . We will not know perhaps for a generation or two" — though the number of children dying of cancer, especially leukemia, has increased about fifty percent since 1950 in the United States.

There is no safe dose of a carcinogen, says Dr. Wilhelm Hueper, the celebrated director of environmental cancer at the U.S. National Cancer Institute. He states flatly that "an unknown number of people . . . have developed cancer from food additives." The fact that we are exposed to natural carcinogens, he says, is all the more reason to avoid any others.

The institute lists as cancer-causing a dozen kinds of food chemicals including yellow OB and AB, two coal-tar azo dyes banned last July; carboxymethyl cellulose, used to stabilize salad dressing,

processed cheese, chocolate milk and frozen desserts; hydrocarbons in the soot that adheres to smoked meat; the chlorinated hydrocarbon group of pesticides (which includes DDT), and food wrappers and containers of polymerized carbon. Highly suspect, says Hueper, are mineral oil, the paraffin wax on fruit and vegetables, and polyvinyl-pyrrolidone, used to clarify beer in the U.S., which one Canadian brewer is now testing.

Two University of Illinois investigators, Dr. Robert Willheim and Dr. A. C. Ivy, have found that amaranth, a dye

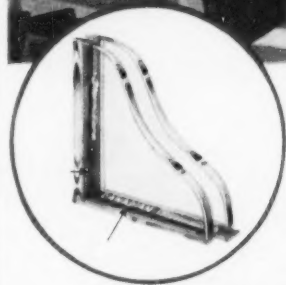
we list as safe, causes cancer in rats. Four other dyes now in use — fast green FCF, light green SF yellowish, brilliant blue FCF, and guinea green B — cause cancer in rats when injected, but are normally not absorbed in the body. Taken with surface-active agents (emulsifiers, detergent residues) they may be, Hueper warns.

Relatively few foods have been tested for cancer-causing effects but F&D shows little concern. In years of testing for toxicity (which may, but more often does not, reveal cancer), F&D's chief

toxicologist, Dr. M. G. Allmark, says, "We haven't found any effect from food on humans."

Short of poisoning groups of humans there is no way to trace a disease to any one of several thousand food chemicals that may act or react together over a lifetime. "A new principle has, it seems, become entrenched in the literature," Dr. Morton Biskind dryly observes. "No matter how lethal a poison may be for all other forms of animal life, if it doesn't kill human beings instantly it is safe." ★

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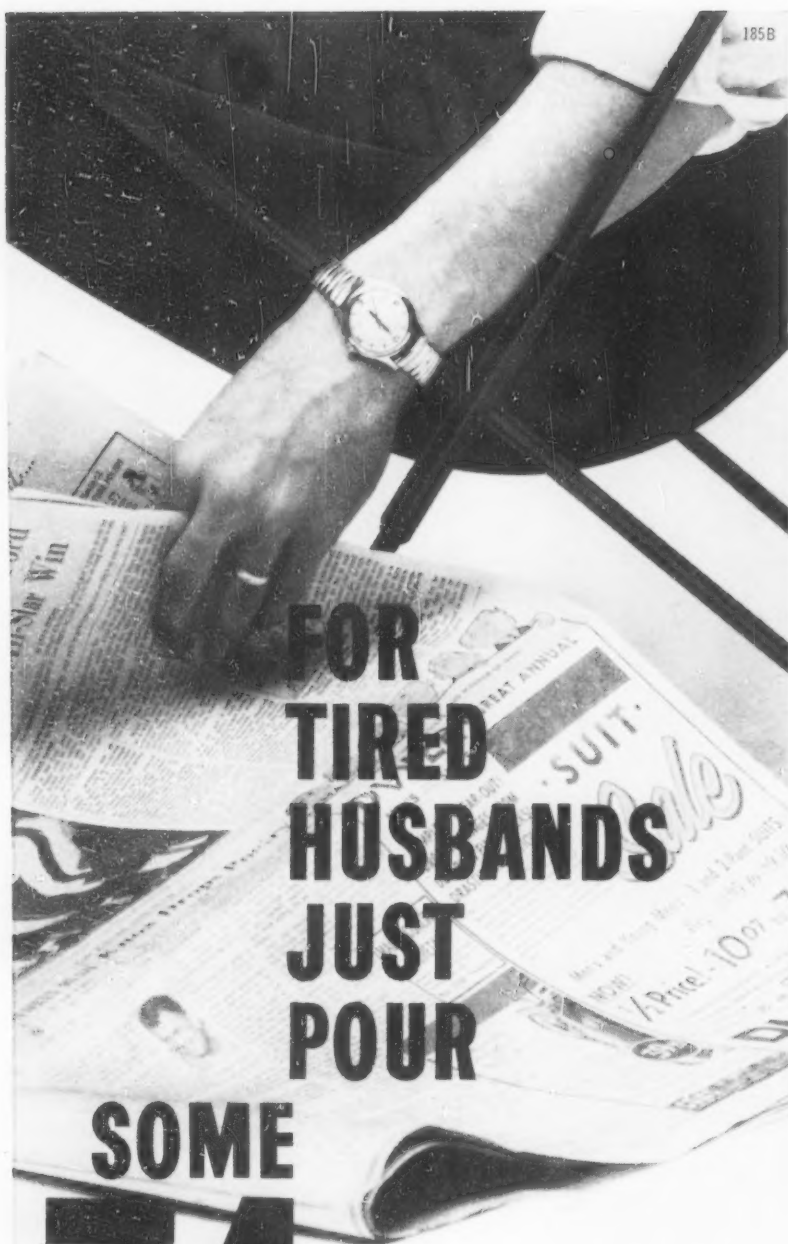
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WATER

Continued from page 16

**"The water in dozens
of our streams is less
safe to drink than
processed sewage"**

Down the majestic Ottawa pours what Dr. Lucien Piché, a Montreal medical investigator, calls the "bacterial and chemically poisonous flotsam of Ontario." It mingles with the outpourings of Quebec, with drainage from barnyards, insecticides from sprayed swamps, oil and garbage and sewage from ships and pleasure craft. It putrifies on beaches and banks, discourages swimming, fishing and camping. It lowers property values and tourist income.

The water in dozens of streams is less safe to drink than processed sewage. Along the Atlantic and Fundy coasts, shellfish beds have been condemned. Ocean beaches have been banned or labeled unsafe at Vancouver and Halifax. In a study for Montreal's Board of Trade, Dr. George E. Shortt called that city "a metropolis of great wealth . . . on an island almost completely surrounded by sewage from which it derives its water supply."

At every urban centre the Great Lakes have pockets of infection. Every beach from Toronto to Hamilton, playground for two million people, has been placarded at times these past two years with

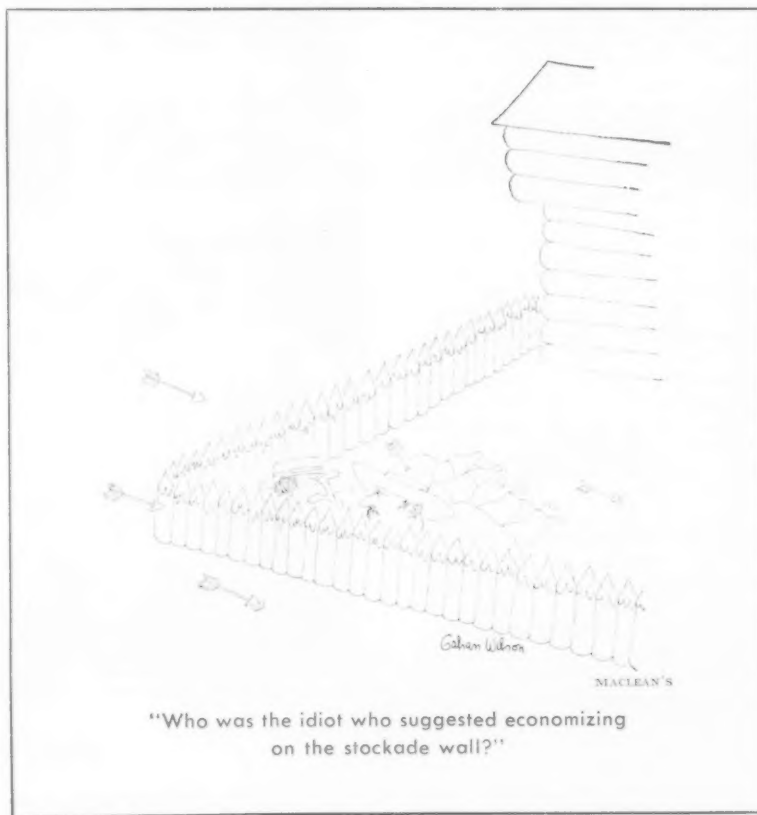
No Swimming signs. Lake Ontario's waters are so polluted that it will take, Premier Leslie Frost said last year, \$2,500,000,000 and twenty years to clean them up.

In a healthy river bacteria quickly digest and purify waste, using oxygen in the process. Indigestible amounts of waste use up the river's oxygen and suspended solids block the rays of the sun. Plants, tiny organisms, insects and fish smother or starve. The intricate interacting life of the river sickens, poisoned.

We have poisoned miles of the St. Croix, the Richelieu, the Saguenay, the Lorette and the St. Charles at Quebec City, the Matapedia, the St. Francis, the Yamaska, the lower St. Lawrence, the Thames, the Grand, the Credit, the Humber, every river connecting the Great Lakes, the Red, the Assiniboine, the North Saskatchewan, the Red Deer, the Bow, the lower Fraser. The waste from one pulp mill at Hinton, discharging into the Athabasca, consumes as much oxygen as the sewage from all of Edmonton, estimates H. L. Hogge, Alberta's chief sanitary engineer.

"Every new product may create a new problem," says J. R. Menzies, the federal government's chief public health engineer. Detergents, for example, have now captured more than three quarters of the cleansing market from soap. Unlike soap, they contain a chemical (ABS) that does not break down in our sewage treatment plants. "On Monday morning in most plants the foam is as high as this room," says George Galimbert, the Ontario Water Resources Commission's sanitation director.

We dump sixty million pounds of detergents a year into our water. In the many suburbs without city water they pass through the septic tank, through the ground, into the well, out the tap and back to the tank, constantly building up until they show at the tap as white foam. Some Ontario well water, Galimbert says, "has a head like beer." Detergents give water an oily, fishy taste. The phosphate in them fertilizes algae (the grass in water), which clog waterworks, choke



"Who was the idiot who suggested economizing
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M-9-60

A Letter To Our NON-CATHOLIC Neighbors

Catholics and non-Catholics, as a rule, get along right well together.

Our families live amicably next door to each other and often become lifetime friends. Our sons fight side by side on every battlefield. We work together in the same shops and factories...root for the same baseball teams...do business with one another in a spirit of mutual trust every day.

In these and other phases of everyday life, there is a close association which promotes understanding and respect. But in religion...where this close association does not exist...there is often a regrettable lack of understanding and a corresponding absence of good-will.

Many people, for instance, have all sorts of false ideas about Catholics and the Catholic Church. They actually believe that Catholics worship statues...that many sordid things happen behind convent walls...that Catholics do not believe in the Bible...that Catholic teaching is pure superstition and the Mass nothing but mumbo-jumbo.

All non-Catholics, of course, do not believe such things. But enough of these false rumors are in circulation to cause some sincere and intelligent non-Catholics to look upon the Catholic Church with suspicion, and to reject Catholic truth without even troubling to investigate it.

It is for this reason that the Knights of Columbus, a society of Catholic laymen, publishes advertisements like this explaining what Catholics really believe. We want our non-Catholic friends and neighbors to understand us and our faith, even if they do not wish to join us. We want them to know the Catholic Church as it really is...not as it is so often misrepresented to be.

It is also important to you personally, however, to inquire into the teaching of the Catholic Church. For unless you do,



you cannot know whether the Catholic Church is or is not the Church established by Jesus Christ for your salvation. You cannot intelligently accept or reject Catholic teaching until you investigate it and know what it really is.

A distinguished Catholic author has written "A Letter to a Friend Not of My Faith." This letter has been published as a pamphlet which gives a remarkably clear and beautiful explanation of Catholic beliefs, worship and history, and a blue print of Christian living which will deeply move you whether you accept or reject the Catholic viewpoint.

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streams and shore waters. Two years ago algae grew so rank along Lake Ontario that the stench, said Halton County medical officer Archie Bull, would "bring on nausea and lack of appetite."

The Ontario Water Resources Commission has found a cure for algae in aqualin, a chemical available in Canada last year for the first time. But research to break down ABS, or find a substitute for it, has not yet cut U.S. production of half a billion pounds a year and we continue to cycle it through our bodies.

"We may also be ingesting radioactivity with our water," a U.S. Public Health Service research team stated last year, listing such sources as nuclear testing, nuclear power, industrial isotopes, medicine, research, uranium mining and processing. An isotope of zinc has been found in U.S. shellfish. "Apparently fish may accumulate radioactive cesium in their muscles to levels twenty to fifty times the radioactive level of the water, thus making the fish very dangerous for human consumption," says A. L. Van Luven, waste-treatment chief for H. E. McKeen and Company, consulting engineers of Lachine, Que.

Shipmasters break the rules

On the Great Lakes and coastal waters ships dump garbage and burnt lubricants, flush oil tanks and sewage between ports. "They're supposed to pump it ashore," says the Transport Department's Tom Pallas, who surveyed oil pollution on the Great Lakes five years ago, "but it's human nature for captains to try to save two or three hours. They usually do it at night when it's hard to detect. Then the wind blows it ashore on somebody's beach." "Oil forms a kind of jelly in the sand that ruins beaches for years," says H. C. McQuillan, an MP from British Columbia whose standing committee is studying resources.

One spot of oil on a sea bird's feathers spells pneumonia and death, for it lets in the North Atlantic chill. Thousands of dead birds were found last year washed up on the Newfoundland coast — razor-billed auks, thick-billed murre, eider ducks, the natural scavengers of the coast — and these are only a fraction, says Sweden's *Sveriges Natur*, of the masses that have sunk far out at sea. John A. Livingston, president of the Audubon Society of Canada, says oil pollution is shortcircuiting the food chain of the sea — from bird guano to plankton to fish to fish market.

A group of vigilantes, the Canadian-American Committee on Water Pollution, backed by seventy-five communities on both sides of the border, is calling for an end to drilling for oil and gas on the Great Lakes. The committee has blocked the Mineral Exploration Corporation (Minex) from drilling in Lake Huron near Sarnia's water intake, and while Ontario studies the issue all drilling on the Great Lakes, except in Erie, has been suspended.

The committee chairman is J. W. Murphy, MP for Lambton West. "Last fall," says Murphy, "they brought in a runaway land well in Michigan. Before it was capped it blew 70,000 barrels a day for six days. If that gusher had occurred where Minex was going to drill at Sarnia, it would have covered all of Lake Huron, Lake St. Clair, and Lake Erie with a film of oil thick enough to show color in a little more than a day, according to Dr. J. C. Ayers of the University of Michigan."

The committee contends there is no oil and gas exploration without the risk of pollution. "A gusher would crucify



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our tourist industry," Murphy says. "Suppose a sailor threw a cigarette overboard? You can stand on the bridge at Sarnia and see 30 or 40 ships any time — there'd be a holocaust. We can't take the risk. Already fresh water is scarcer than oil. In fifteen or twenty years cities from Windsor to Toronto will be piping fresh water from Lake Huron, our last great unpolluted reservoir."

The experts predict that water consumption will triple in thirty years. As homes become automatic, water use swells. Industry is burgeoning for unbroken miles along rivers, and the air conditioning for one large plant draws more water than many a small community. It takes 300 gallons to produce a barrel of beer, 300 to 800 gallons to process a steer, 800 gallons for every barrel of oil.

Incredible as it sounds in a country with the most fresh water in the world, Canada faces a shortage in places at times. "Enough water passes out the St. Lawrence in just over twenty-four hours to supply all Ontario for a year," says Ontario's Water Resources Commission manager, A. E. Berry, "but it's not much use to some inland community." We have drained the swamps and cut the forests, our natural reservoirs. We killed the beaver, our most diligent conservationist, to make stovepipe hats for nineteenth-century plutocrats. Except for those western rivers fed in summer by the icecaps, water runs off swiftly in spring and then drops low. Pressure falls, water is rationed, lawns wither.

At such times cities like Brantford on the Grand River draw their water from what Brantford's MPP, George T. Gordon, has called "a filthy open sewer." This diluted sewage is purified in one of Canada's finest plants, fouled and dumped back for someone downstream to clean up and foul again.

"It's repugnant to some people to think that what was sewage at one time is being used as drinking water," Dr. Berry says. "Well, there is no other way . . . The quantity of water in the world is always the same . . . It must be used over and over again as it journeys from rainfall to the sea." Water in the U.S. is re-used as much as six times. For five months in 1956, when the Neosho River ran dry, Chanute, in Kansas, had nothing to drink but its own sewage.

A hundred thousand Quebeckers dump raw sewage into Lake St. Louis, a widening of the St. Lawrence which, reports

Dr. George Shortt, "vies with Hamilton Bay for the title of the world's largest and most beautiful septic tank." "All the towns concerned would like to do something about it," says John Pratt, MP and mayor of Dorval, "but unfortunately, as the treatment of sewage by any one town benefits only the towns immediately downstream and not the town itself, it is difficult to persuade taxpayers to approve the high cost of installing disposal plants."

These conditions mean that "a momentary breakdown in our purification

plants could bring sudden sickness and death to many Canadian communities," warns Dr. P. B. Rynard, MP for Simcoe East. A breakdown at Croydon, England, in 1937, he says, caused a typhoid epidemic in which many died. When the modern plant at Delhi, India, broke down in 1956, and again in 1958, infectious hepatitis struck thousands. Waterborne hepatitis afflicted three hundred people at Elliot Lake, Ontario, three years ago and the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers' Union blamed the seeping of raw sewage into the water supply. No

other epidemics have been proved to be waterborne, say Drs. Norman Clarke and Shih Lu Chang, U.S. Public Health Service microbiologists, but an outbreak of poliomyelitis in Edmonton was "reasonably correlated" with sewage pollution, as was an outbreak in Nebraska. Dr. Adelard Groulx, Montreal's health director, has voiced his suspicion that the island's polluted moat caused the polio epidemic that struck 323 people last summer, resulting in twenty-one deaths.

Seventy new viruses that can carry diseases have been found in the past fifteen

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"Here's your table and thanks for slipping me the five."

years in the feces of man. Their role in water pollution is little known, but research by New York's Department of Health shows that the ordinary chlorination period is far short of the time required to kill some strains. "One may justifiably conclude," says Bernard Berger, the U. S. water research chief, "that flaws exist in present protection barriers."

"We're getting small epidemics all the time," says J. R. Menzies, the Canadian government's water pollution expert. "We had one in 1958 in Quebec, when milk cans were washed in polluted river water, and 197 people caught typhoid. Fortunately no one died."

Early this year Shih Lu Chang announced that fourteen of twenty-two large U. S. cities had tiny worms called nematodes in their tap water. Nematodes ingest bacteria and viruses; chlorination does not kill them. Thus they could, Shih Lu Chang suggested, carry viruses unscathed through purification plants into our bodies.

The discovery made scare headlines even in Canada, with most papers overlooking Chang's remark that the chance of a nematode's feeding on viruses in a sewage treatment plant was quite remote. It may nevertheless be important. Apart from the possibility that nematodes cause odor in water, their presence emphasizes that some viruses can — and do — survive chlorination.

"The fact that there are no reports of waterborne outbreaks," report Clarke and Chang in the Journal of the American Water Works Association, could be due to "lack of information on the clinical illnesses that many of these viruses produce." They may masquerade as colds, upset stomach or diarrhoea. "It is possible also," Berger says, "that the illnesses produced are so mild that they are not reported to the health authorities." For every known polio patient, for example, some 300 people have mild unrecognized cases — stiff necks, weakened muscles, slight feverishness.

Industry's water wastes contain such poisons (much diluted) as cyanide, lead, hexavalent chromium, cadmium, selenium, nitrates and arsenic. Sales of DDT, methoxychlor, benzene hexachloride, chlordane, aldrin and other insect killers

are increasing steadily. The thousands of tons farmers use every year "are sometimes dumped indiscriminately or applied carelessly," says McKeen's waste-treatment expert, A. L. Van Luven. "The effect of the pesticides, insecticides and detergents is little understood," the U. S. Department of Health reports, "and their general removal from municipal water sources is practically impossible with present methods."

Though not present in amounts toxic to humans, some substances, even in concentrations of less than one part per million, will give water taste and odor, kill plant and animal life. Arsenical wastes in Ontario's Moira River two years ago poisoned eighteen cattle, and last year near Foxboro thousands of fish died. Uranium wastes have turned Ontario resort lakes an unnatural blue. South of Milton, between Toronto and Hamilton, township councilor Joseph Wilmott complained that industrial wastes in Sixteen Mile Creek have stained rocks orange, poisoned fish and turned his black dog yellow.

"Only a minute fraction of the materials dumped or washed into surface waters could hope to qualify with the Food and Drug Administration as acceptable for addition to food and beverages," says M. B. Ettinger, chief of chemistry and physics for the U. S. government's water research lab at Cincinnati. In the Mississippi, a thousand miles from the plant that discharged it, the U. S. Public Health Service recently picked up traces of orthonitrochlorobenzene, a compound so toxic that the health service reported "it should not be present in any concentration."

"There is a vast area of ignorance concerning the toxicology and pharmacology of both synthetic and naturally occurring organic materials," says Dr. Ettinger, "and new materials are being made much faster than the toxicology of known materials is being studied." On the island of Kyushu last November seventy-six Japanese fell ill after eating fish from Minamata Bay. Twenty-nine died and doctors were unable to name their illness, but fifteen hundred furious fishermen wrecked a factory that makes vinyl chloride and dumps its waste in the bay.

Industry now develops 10,000 chemical



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compounds a year, to add to the 500,000 in use. "Many are in such small quantities that you can't test them," Menzies explains. For many others no tests have yet been devised. The Robert A. Taft Sanitary Engineering Centre in Cincinnati, the world's largest water research lab, was asked in the fall of 1958 to analyze the sewage from a large mid-western city. It could account for only twenty-five percent of the soluble organic compounds and then only in half a dozen broad groupings. In Canada, Menzies points out, "nobody except Ontario is set up to do this kind of research," though National Health and Welfare is planning a small lab.

But Ontario's new Water Resources Commission has little time for basic research. It is getting sewage treatment plants and water systems built at a \$10,000,000-a-month clip. New Brunswick is following Ontario's lead. Quebec is surveying the problem. The four western provinces have begun sewage cleanups. "During the depression no one would spend any money on sewage," says commission manager Berry. "Then the war came, and you couldn't do anything."

"For more than 40 years no fundamentally new sewage treatment processes have been developed," says Gordon McCallum, chief of Water Supply and Pollution Control in the U.S. "Sewage and water plants," states the American Water Works Association, "are the most neglected public works problem today."

The editors of conservation-conscious Rod & Gun blame "a shirking of responsibilities on the part of elected officials combined with a base display of public apathy." Most businessmen and homeowners are not aware of the problem. Tom Pallas, in his Transport survey of oil in Great Lakes waters, found small businesses and "people all over the place dumping oil and paint mix and garbage down storm sewers." Some groups, Dr. Berry reported in 1955, "actually battle the building of proper facilities."

Ontario's commission has power to help a town or industry clean up its water, or haul it into court if it refuses. New Brunswick has passed a similar law. Elsewhere provincial health departments control pollution "harmful to health" — next to impossible to pinpoint. The International Joint Commission inspects our boundary waters but cannot enforce its findings. Federal laws protect animals, birds and fish, not people.

In 1953 wastes from an Edmonton industry swept down the North Saskatchewan and across two provincial borders to foul drinking water at Prince Albert and The Pas. "We were expected to do something," says Dr. A. L. Pritchard, director of conservation for the federal Department of Fisheries. "We could find dead fish, but you can find dead fish anywhere." It costs hundreds of dollars to

prove a case, B.C.'s fish and game branch declares, and the penalty for polluting fishing waters is only \$20 for a first offense. In the end the firm cleaned up its wastes voluntarily.

In New Brunswick and B.C. new pulp-mills are either recovering their waste or piping it two thousand feet offshore. At Edmonton, Sarnia and along Lake Ontario, refineries recover the troublesome, malodorous carbolic acid; Imperial Oil pioneered in Canada in training bacteria to eat it, thus cutting disposal costs from nearly three dollars to six cents a pound,

while Cities Service makes its recovery pay off in public relations by displaying a tank of fish swimming contentedly in the effluent of its new Bronte refinery. But these are exceptions. A company that spends hundreds of thousands of dollars to treat its wastes is at a disadvantage unless its competitors follow suit.

In 1956, just before he became prime minister, John Diefenbaker proposed that Canada make it a criminal offense to pollute an interprovincial river. "There is nothing today in the law," he declared, "to protect the public against wanton and

willful pollution by a small minority."

"If Parliament made it a criminal offense to pollute rivers," replied Stuart Garson, then minister of justice, "at least 80 percent of the industrialized and urban municipalities of Canada would face prosecution." It is not a police-court matter, he said.

MPs agree. In 1958, when the issue rose again, they again shied away from infringing provincial rights. But most experts think there should be an over-all federal plan to link the scattered efforts and step up research. ★

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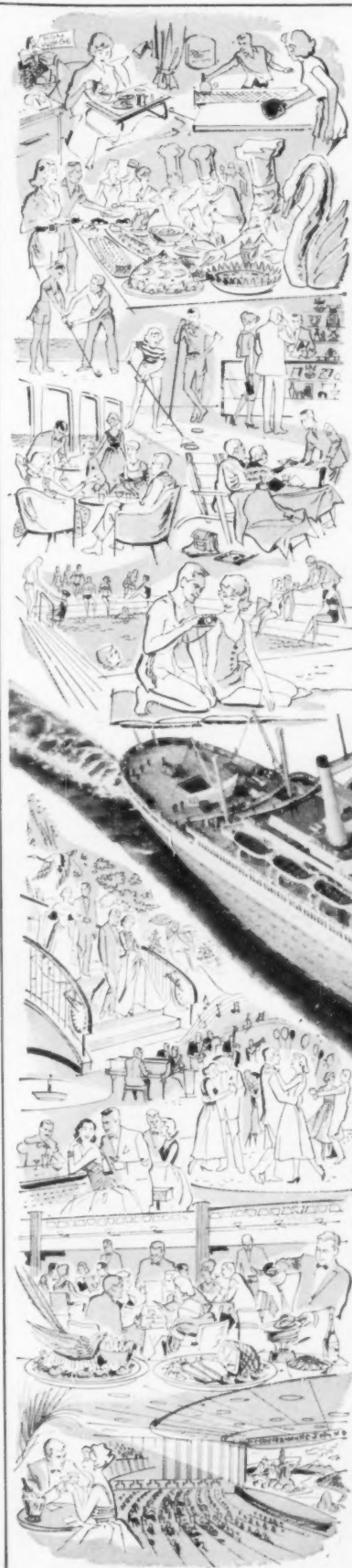
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AIR

Continued from page 17

"The pollution of the air has grown from an inconvenience to a menace, with effects that may range from mental depression to cancer and death"

Montreal passed and then disregarded the continent's first anti-smoke law, the smog of our cities has grown steadily thicker. We draw thirty pounds of this compound through our lungs every day. Its long-range effects are largely unknown, but we had our first intimations of danger eight years ago in Windsor.

It was a Tuesday, September 9. People drove to work through a light haze. By evening the air felt heavy, slightly acrid. People dabbed at their watering eyes, coughed to clear their throats.

By Thursday, with no wind stirring, smog was so thick that two ore carriers ran aground in the Detroit River. Hedges turned brown. Flowers wilted. Tempers frayed. People complained of chest constrictions, diarrhoea, nausea. In those three days thirty-five infants died in the Windsor-Detroit area, twice the normal number. Twenty-five people died from cancer, two and a half times normal.

No one in Windsor realized the smog was poisonous. It was only by coincidence that the International Joint Commission, which surveys boundary waterways, had a team in the area studying smoke from ships. The results of their ten-year smog investigation have just become known.

Windsor had had a temperature inver-

sion. A layer of warm air had moved in over the colder air near the earth, keeping it from rising as it warmed. There was no wind to disperse it. The air stagnated, a giant vat into which the city poured its chemical rubbish — solid particles, liquids, vapors, gases. As the chemicals built up, they reacted.

This reaction was first suspected in 1930, when a prolonged inversion imprisoned airborne wastes over Belgium's Meuse Valley. Thousands fell ill and 63 persons died. But little enlightening research was done until 1948.

That year, during an inversion over Donora, a little zinc-smelting town in Pennsylvania near Pittsburgh, 5,910 people sickened and twenty died. That same year, in London, an inversion brought death in its wake to three hundred persons suffering from cardiac and respiratory diseases. This was only a foretaste. For four horrifying days in late 1952 a lung-searing pall of dirty grey air pressed down upon Londoners, killing 4,000.

Studies by Britain's Beaver Committee and the U.S. Public Health Service pointed suspicion at sulphur dioxide, present in smoke. The notoriously sooty cities of Pittsburgh, Chicago and St. Louis campaigned to persuade businessmen that a dark plume of smoke meant wasted fuel dollars. They cut sootfall in half, and homeowners in St. Louis saved \$25,000,000 a year in house painting, dry cleaning and laundry.

Smoke is only that part of the peril that can be seen. In downtown Toronto, Windsor and Hamilton it falls in large particles, known as rocks to the experts, at the rate of a hundred tons a square mile a month. It slimes windows, discolors paint, begrimes works of art, rots canvas, spoils food, pits masonry, blights vegetation, and cuts the life of metals and fabrics in half. "It costs the people of Canada half a billion dollars a year," says Morris Katz, air pollution consultant for the National Department of Health and Welfare, "anywhere from \$20 to \$50 per person."

But for every ton of fallout, a ton of small particles and gases remains suspended in the air, too fine to be screened out by the nose, unseen, insidious. Under a bright sun these chemicals breed a new kind of smog, an evil so vague that the public is scarcely aware it exists.

It was noted first in the late 1940s in Los Angeles. Eye irritations became epidemic. But sunny, oil-burning Los

Angeles was relatively free of smoke. Little was done till doctors began listing smog as a cause of death. The city council, aroused, forced oil companies to spend \$18,000,000 removing sulphur from their waste fumes. The tear-gas effect of the smog grew worse.

In 1950 a brilliant biochemist, A. J. Haagen-Smit, of the California Institute of Technology, proved that lethal smog was caused by the photochemical action of sunlight on hydrocarbons and oxides of nitrogen, both discharged from car and bus exhausts. They react to produce

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ozone, an unstable kind of oxygen once the boast of ocean resorts and now known to be deadly even in minute quantities.

Haagen-Smit's discovery made it clear that there are two kinds of smog — the London type, caused by incomplete combustion of solid fuels, and the Los Angeles kind, caused by incomplete combustion of liquid fuels. Sulphur dioxide is the chief known poison in the first type, ozone in the second. And, as a kind of curious footnote to the problem, Cincinnati cleared up its smoke — and ex-

perienced a Los Angeles-type smog. Apparently the smoke, by obscuring the sunlight, had kept ozone from forming.

In both smogs a chain reaction takes place. During the London epidemics the sulphur dioxide present was only two parts per million parts of air, while the safety level for factories is ten parts per million. Some scientists think the sulphur is absorbed and concentrated by certain lung-piercing aerosols. Others think they combine with sulphur to make it more toxic. Dr. Mary Amdur of the Harvard School of Public Health

has found that small amounts of sulphur dioxide, which do not affect guinea pigs, become poisonous to them when mixed with fine sulphuric acid mist or sodium chloride, both common in smog.

The effect of ozone was tested by Dr. Hurley Motley of the University of Southern California. He put Air Pollution Control Officer Smith Griswold, a lean and powerful former football player of forty-seven, into a chamber containing two parts of ozone to a million parts of air. In an hour Griswold had chest constrictions. When he came

out after two hours he had lost, Motley said, "thirteen percent of his vital capacity. In a few more hours he might have died." Ozone in heavy Los Angeles smogs has now reached one part per million.

The factor common to both smogs is the temperature inversion that allows the deadly chemicals to build up. Cities in valleys, or cities ringed by mountains, like Vancouver, are natural outdoor labs for brewing smog if pollution is high. Los Angeles has 260 inversions a year.

"Most inversions don't last more than 24 hours," says Don Thomas, a physicist with Ontario's Air Pollution Control Branch. Recordings for April at Windsor, where conditions are not especially favorable, show ten inversions, each lasting five to ten hours. The U.S. Weather Bureau, studying high-pressure areas east of the Rockies from 1936 to 1956, counted eighteen inversions, mostly in fall, of four days each. What happened at Windsor in 1952 could happen in any industrial city in Canada.

The warning signs are multiplying. Sarnia, Toronto and twenty-five U.S. cities have reported eye irritations. Toronto has had mysterious outbreaks of runs in nylon stockings, which occur when the sulphur dioxide in the air reaches half a part per million. The Ontario Research Foundation is studying damage to tobacco around Simcoe, near Lake Erie, estimated at a million dollars.

This tobacco blight, says Dr. C. M. Jephcott, director of Ontario's Air Pollution Control Branch, is similar to leaf damage from ozone in Maryland and Connecticut. Ozone levels near Simcoe, he says, have reached 0.2 parts per million. Foundation researchers think that on hot days Lake Erie, with its lower temperatures, creates an inversion that traps ozone from three possible sources, Hamilton, Cleveland or Detroit.

"A sea of carcinogens"

Some experts contend that inversions aren't dangerous unless they last 48 hours, but federal air consultant Morris Katz points out a disquieting new feature of recent London smogs. In January 1956, smog killed 1,000 Londoners. In December of 1957 it killed at least 763. In both smogs, death occurred on the first day. This suggests, says Katz, that inversions too brief to cause death by themselves are gradually, inevitably, advancing some lung and chest illnesses.

It now seems clear that the death rates for some of these diseases mask the long, slow breakdown of tissue from corrosion by a contaminated atmosphere. Scientists have now isolated some fifty contaminants, many carcinogenic (cancer-causing) materials like arsenic, chromite, asbestos; radioactive dust; coal tar and pitch from railway yards and gashouses; the oils of creosote and paraffin; the aromatic hydrocarbons in motor fumes. "Modern man," says Dr. W. C. Hueper, world-renowned cancer investigator for the U.S. Public Health Service, "is living in a sea of carcinogens."

Lung cancer is the world's fastest-growing disease. It kills four times as many Canadians today as it did twenty-five years ago. Britain's lung cancer deaths have doubled since war's end, and statistical studies in Britain, Germany and Japan link the rise to smog. Its increase in Russia, public health officials there are reported as saying, has accompanied the increase in motor traffic.

Dr. Eugene Houdry, a leading U.S. petroleum chemist, finds that the rise in gasoline consumption between 1914 and 1950 "corresponds exactly to the esti-



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mate of a nineteen-fold increase in lung cancer." Moreover, he points out, when gas was rationed in the 1940s, lung cancer deaths among men dropped thirty-five percent.

In a study for the University of Cincinnati, Dr. Clarence Mills shows that suburbanites who drive to work every day through heavy traffic double and triple their risk of lung cancer. And Mills concludes that a city cab driver who chain-smokes is twenty to forty times more likely to die of cancer than a farmer who doesn't smoke.

Leroy Burney, the U. S. surgeon-general, states flatly that smog causes lung cancer. To wait for definite clinical proof, he says, is to invite disaster. The chief of his Air Pollution Medical Program, Richard Prindle, after studying 163 cities last year, found that the smoggiest cities have the most deaths from lung cancer (seventy percent higher in cities with a million or more people than in cities of fifty thousand to ninety thousand), and that this is true for the smoggy areas within cities.

"You get the same kind of picture," Prindle says, "for cancer of the stomach and esophagus and for heart disease." He thinks the particles our nose-hairs screen and channel down our throats may irritate stomach tissues, impede breathing, and add to heart strain. "We can't say air pollution causes the heart disease," he says, "but it seems to hasten the death of those affected by heart disease."

Cancer from car fumes

At the University of Southern California, Dr. Paul Kotin developed cancer in 38 out of 100 mice by painting their shoulder blades three times a week with an extract of car fumes. The most lethal of these is a substance called 3,4 benzopyrene. A British research team estimates that city dwellers inhale 16 milligrams of it over a lifetime — 40,000 times the amount that produces cancer in mice.

A car, as it picks up speed, also releases oxides of nitrogen, more than 4,000 parts per million, into the air. Fortunately, they disperse quickly; two parts per million damages plants, five is the safety standard for workers. In experiments on animals, low concentrations for four hours a day for ten days induce emphysema, akin to bronchitis.

Bronchitis and emphysema now cost Britain about thirty million working days a year. One Briton in three over fifty years of age suffers from it. Canadian surveys show bronchitis to be more common than is generally supposed. An analysis of mortality figures by the Department of Veterans Affairs reveals that chronic bronchitis and emphysema jointly are the third commonest cause of death, led only by heart disease and neoplasms of the lung.

Bronchitis can be induced by formaldehyde and acetaldehyde, two vapors growing common as more diesels ply our roads. On contact with living tissue formaldehyde changes to formic acid, the poison in a bee's sting. When prolonged for several hours, states Ontario's air pollution report, it results in an irritating dermatitis.

Every weekday cars load the downtown air of Toronto and Montreal with more than 320,000 pounds of carbon monoxide. Colorless, odorless, undetectable, it pervades the atmosphere even twenty-five to fifty feet from the curb in concentrations of twenty to eighty-three parts per million of air.

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gen. Drivers in traffic, says Morris Katz, may lose from five to fifteen percent, heavy smokers an additional three to seven percent. Tests of cab drivers in New York disclosed losses of eight to twenty percent.

Frederick Evis, medical adviser to the Ontario Air Pollution Committee, says, "Carbon monoxide affects people like alcohol. It makes some happy, others vicious." A man driving home through traffic, he says, is more likely to quarrel with his wife when he gets there.

The committee suggests that carbon monoxide poisoning may account for the Jekyll-and-Hyde attitude of drivers who quit their office well mannered and change in traffic to reckless boors. They speculate that this "stubbornness, selfishness, and lack of consideration," along with a slowdown in reactions, might lie behind the mounting death toll on our highways.

Carbon monoxide and carbon dioxide block the sun's ultraviolet rays, the natural enemy of bacteria and mental depression. They do this by absorption, which, says Morris Katz, "not only makes us warmer but alters the humidity. It's all very well to say that the atmosphere is vast, but man's activities can affect the climate too."

Allergies from industrial wastes

The U.S. Public Health Service suspects that air pollutants cause asthma, which broke out in New Orleans and among servicemen in Yokohama whenever the wind carried factory wastes overhead. Dr. J. B. Whaley, of Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, says that dirty air is one cause of tracheitis, a disease of the upper respiratory tract. Charles Couchman of the Baltimore Health Department suggests that man-made air contaminants cause allergies. And Cincinnati's air-polluted factory areas have ten times more deaths from pneumonia than its suburbs on cleaner, higher ground.

No one knows what airborne chemicals do to our bodies, and no one in Canada is trying clinically to find out. A few studies are under way — at Scarborough, Windsor, Niagara, Hamilton, Sudbury and Sarnia in Ontario, which alone among provinces is acting on the findings; at Sydney, N.S., Montreal, Winnipeg and Vancouver, and at oil refineries in Alberta. But these simply chart the pollution and, mostly, that part most convenient to chart.

"If we could pinpoint which chemicals do what damage," says Dr. Jephcott of Ontario's Air Pollution Control Branch, "it would be relatively easy to trace their source and eliminate them." But thousands are yet unidentified and many combine to produce more. Two new cancer-causing compounds, for example, have just been discovered, the peroxides and epoxides, formed by hydrocarbons reacting with ozone.

Such compounds, inextricably blended in tiny quantities, are hard to trap, hard to isolate, hard to analyze. The air, always in motion, is always in change. The compound, once identified, must undergo several years' testing to discover its effect on living tissue. No lab in Canada has the funds for such research.

As new plants produce new products, new wastes complicate the problem, and control over new plants is held by the Labor Department's industrial hygienists, whose job is to keep the air inside the plant pure, often by piping contamination outside.

Public pressure or civic conscience has

spurred some industries to action, notably Sarnia's petrochemical companies. In Montreal a group of refineries have halved their sulphur dioxide waste by piping it to a nearby chemical company.

But byproduct profits are uncommon. Generally, costs have made industry laggard. For example, it costs Toronto's St. Lawrence Cement Company \$1,250,000 to transform the waste from 120,000 tons of coal to a plume of steam. By comparison, fines for making smoke are \$50 to \$200.

True, most of the oil, steel, smelting

and chemical companies building new plants are spending two to five percent of the cost on pollution controls, for to do it later can cost five times as much. But businessmen hesitate to spend more than they have to when half the pollution is caused by homeowners' uncleaned furnaces, untuned cars and burning trash piles. Thus, despite a fivefold increase in industry's effort from ten years ago, smog steadily thickens as homes and products multiply.

Only Hamilton and Toronto among Canadian cities are backing their anti-

smoke laws with court action, and they are barely holding their own on smoke. And with 20,000 more vehicles traveling its streets every year, even Toronto is losing the over-all battle. In Ottawa a smoke control office was set up three years ago, but smoke still stains the capital's spires and no one has yet been fined. Saskatoon and Yorkton, to avoid garbage collection, have encouraged homeowners to buy gas-fired incinerators, which Ontario's air pollution report terms "an absolute abomination."

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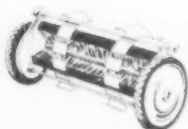
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The story behind the statue

Victoria's battered bust of the Queen



Few statues anywhere have aroused so much controversy or suffered so much abuse as the new cast-stone bust of Queen Elizabeth has in that "little bit of old England" called Victoria.

Since it first went on public display in the B.C. capital early this year, pranksters have stolen it, police have recovered it and vandals have battered it. Municipal leaders have argued over its quality, price and location; a newspaper has made it the object of a tongue-in-cheek campaign, and an indignant royalist has reported the whole affair to Buckingham Palace.

A Victoria artist, Peggy Walton Packard, was commissioned to make the bust for the visit of the Queen and Prince Philip in July 1959. After making two statues from compounds she discovered were not hardy enough, she found the right formula for a third. By then the royal visit had been over for six months, and four municipal bodies were taking turns arguing over where the statue should stand and whether it was worth \$1,200 (Mrs. Packard's share was \$300) — and who should pay for it.

While the argument over location continued, aldermen paid the artist and put the bust on display in the main corridor of Victoria's city hall. A few nights later it disappeared. In its place, the thieves left a handful of pennies — an allusion to the Pennies for Packard campaign begun by the Victoria Times. The Times urged everyone in the area to give a penny apiece to raise \$1,400 for the project and "save city council from further embarrassment." But only \$60 came in.

While civic officials fumed with embarrassment over the theft, Police Chief John Blackstock offered publicly to lay no charges if the bust were immediately returned undamaged. Three nights after the

theft, Sam Lane, who had offered to buy the statue and display it at his Olde England Inn in nearby Esquimalt, was roused from bed by a reporter who had received an anonymous phone tip. He went out into his driveway in his pyjamas and dressing gown and found the statue lying there undamaged. The culprits have never been caught.

Over numerous objections, the city council decided the bust should stand in Beacon Hill Park, where the Queen had presented a new regimental color to the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. While the site was prepared, the bust was hidden away.

Enraged by all the fuss, a Victoria painter, Phyllis Leece, threatened to take the city council and the newspapers into court if they didn't tone down the bad publicity. Then Mrs. Leece wired and mailed protests to Buckingham Palace, enclosing press clippings. The Palace did nothing, but the aldermen passed a resolution emphasizing their "chagrin and disgust" over the whole controversy.

On March 21, workmen finished erecting the bust in the park, but there was no ceremony. Twenty-six days later, vandals battered off its nose. Mrs. Packard spent five hours restoring it. Late in June, vandals attacked again, chipping one shoulder and cracking the neck.

The bust still stands in the park today, and Mrs. Packard, while weary of "a joke that went a little too far," insists she got a few laughs out of the affair.

But Chief Blackstock seemed to be speaking for the majority of Victorians when he remarked recently: "The less said about it the better."

— IAN STREET

have their eyes on Los Angeles, where every second person owns a car and the symptoms of poisoning — watery eyes and scratchy throats — are obvious to everyone. Disregarding threats by Detroit to boycott California-made movies, the state passed a law last April that is likely to serve as a model for every state and province on the continent.

The law requires all cars sold in California to have devices that cut hydrocarbon wastes ninety percent and carbon monoxide seventy percent. The law takes effect a year from the state's approval of two such gadgets, and forty companies are racing to be first to meet the stiff standards with an afterburner they hope to sell for around \$50.

Most air-pollution experts feel these gadgets will soon be perfected. We could have had them long ago, thinks cancer authority W. C. Hueper, for a fraction of the cost of tail fins and chrome. Toronto is ready with a law like California's. Once the devices are proved, says Works Commissioner Ross Clark, "it won't take five minutes to enforce it." "If they're going to put them on ten percent of the cars they might as well put them on them all," says Dr. Jephcott of Ontario's control branch. "There'll be a hue and cry if exhaust fumes are cleaned up in California and not anywhere else."

"It's all a matter of cost," says Don Thomas, a control branch physicist. "You can clean up the air but you've got to pay out a lot of money." Morris Katz estimates the cost of control at forty cents per person per year, with research another forty cents — about 2½ percent of the cost of poisoned air.

"Plant operators lack interest"

But even businessmen apply little business sense to pollution. A Toronto survey last April of 737 heating plants showed only one in fifteen fully efficient. With better equipment, says Works Commissioner Ross Clark, "Metro citizens could save \$10,000,000 a year."

"I could make a very good living on the money in fuel I could save any six medium-sized industrial plants," says Bill Moroz, an engineer with Ontario's control branch. "Furnace operators can't or won't take time or don't have the interest. It comes back to the attitude of top management."

Farmers ignore the problem, unaware that some airborne poisons stunt crops, cause sterility and blemishes, that some leach the vitamin C from fruit, that others poison livestock by contaminating forage plants and water. Ontario's Air Pollution Control Branch is now investigating damage by industrial wastes to Grimsby peaches, to wheat, corn and oats in Humberstone Township.


The fight for fresh air calls for common cause between industries, provinces, nations. Air pollutants have no respect for national boundaries. A 300-mile-wide smoke cloud from Alberta and B. C. forest fires, traveling east in 1950, forced Cleveland and Detroit to turn on floodlights for afternoon sports, and darkened homes across northern Europe. The so-called red snow that fell in Ontario in 1952 was red rock and dust from New Mexico, and a million tons of it fell in Wisconsin. If air currents can carry such heavy material a thousand miles and more, our light invisible gaseous garbage can come to earth anywhere on the globe.

But the public is apathetic and politicians remain unpressured. Doctors say little; clinical proof of human poisoning is inconclusive. "It's pathetic to think that it takes a disaster to wake people up," says Morris Katz. ★

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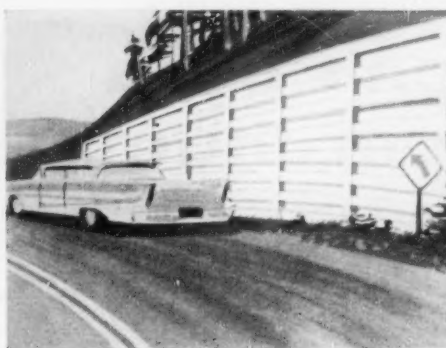
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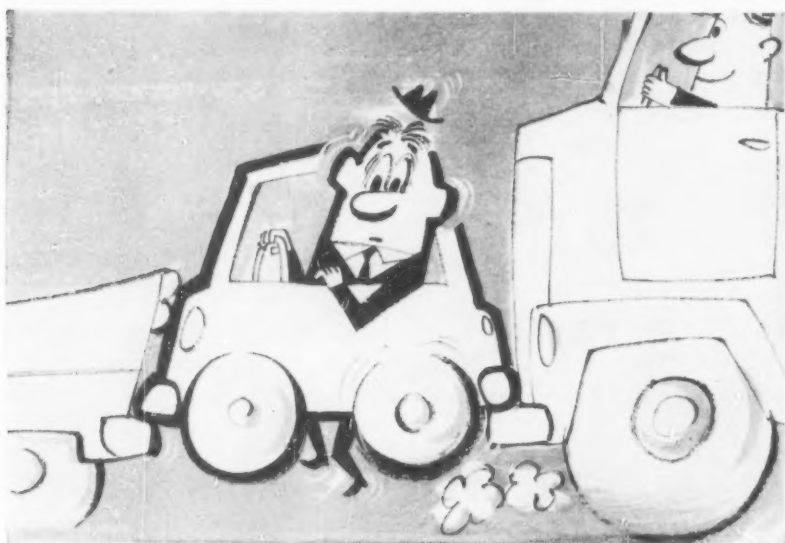
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DRIVE SAFELY



For the sake of argument continued from page 8

One German party regarded as neo-Nazi polled an insignificant one percent in the last election

majority of the influential members of the only two important parties (the Christian Democrats and the Social Democrats) kept completely free of Nazi associations. Many were active in the resistance to Hitler or went into exile. The few ex-Nazis who have reclaimed the political or civil-service ladders have done so in spite of — not because of — their tainted past. They have been totally excluded from the ranks of colonel and above in the new army.

Explicitly neo-Nazi parties were outlawed by the Bonn constitution; their leaders were imprisoned, or found sanctuary with Nasser and Peron. One group, the German Reich party, has managed to stay within the letter of the constitution and yet acquire the reputation of being neo-Nazi. It ran a well-publicized campaign in the last election and polled an insignificant one percent — chiefly in backward rural areas. I hope it will continue to be obliged to face the embarrassment of free elections.

Adenauer, who himself suffered Hitlerite persecution, has not entirely succeeded in his efforts to fill his cabinet with men free of Nazi associations. But his failures have been much exaggerated. For example, in a sensationally played front-page story, the Toronto Telegram branded Defense Minister Franz-Josef Strauss as a member of "the former Nazi régime." In fact he belonged to no Nazi organizations, still less the régime. He was 17 when Hitler came to power in 1933 and remained a student until the war when he enlisted in the regular army. By 1945 he had risen to the rank of captain.

The Telegram, and other papers, have leveled the same charge against Interior Minister Gerhard Schroeder. And, in fact, Schroeder is the one member of Adenauer's present cabinet who did belong to the Nazi party, at least nominally. In 1933, at 23, he was obliged to join the

party or be refused permission to take up the practice of law for which he had trained. In 1938, however, he joined the church led by Pastor Martin Niemöller, famous for defiance to Hitler. When the pastor was sent to concentration camp, his daughter was given a job in Schroeder's law firm. In 1943, Schroeder was expelled from the party for having married a girl of Jewish descent.

There are other examples that suggest that Nazi party membership, by itself, should not be taken as proof of incorrigible Nazi sympathies. One is the record of Hasso von Etzdorf, formerly German ambassador in Ottawa, who has been attacked over the CBC. There is ample proof that Etzdorf risked his life from 1939 on by organizing resistance to Hitler among army officers. He was, it is true, a Nazi party member. So too were all eight German diplomats strung up on meathooks for their part in the July 20 plot against Hitler's life in 1944.

Another favorite target is Hans Globke, now the top civil servant in Adenauer's administration. He also held a senior post in Hitler's civil service and was even co-author of a book that served for a time as the official commentary on the notorious Nuremberg race laws. However, his explanation — that he wrote the book to water down the harshness of the law—is supported by testimony from Jews who say he helped them. Further, a Roman Catholic bishop has testified that Globke had been requested by the church to stay at his post, from which he was often able to give warning of impending measures of repression.

There is no such excuse for the conduct of Professor Theodor Oberländer, the one dyed-in-the-wool ex-Nazi to have served in an Adenauer cabinet. Only the Communists claim to have proved his complicity in Nazi atrocities, and he is now a pillar of Moral Rearmament. Nevertheless he was an ardent Nazi and



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closely associated with Hitler's Eastern policy.

Even in this case, however, the Germans have had a worse press than the full story warrants. Oberländer was taken into the cabinet in 1953 as leader of the newly formed Refugee party. This is a pressure group to advance the claims of West Germany's 12,000,000 refugees and expellees from countries such as Poland and Czechoslovakia. By saddling this group with limited government responsibility, Adenauer aimed to reduce the risk that it would become a radical and dangerous movement for the recovery of lost German territories. The tactic succeeded. Oberländer became so attached to office that he refused his party's demand that he oppose the chancellor's efforts to give the Saar an international status, as requested by the French. He was expelled from the Refugee party, which then split and failed to re-enter the Bundestag in the next elections.

Adenauer should have sacked Oberländer once he had served his purpose, but was understandably reluctant to penalize further a minister who had been repudiated by his party for loyalty to the key Adenauer policy of reconciliation with France. In any case, the Oberländer story does not establish the claim that it is an advantage in West Germany to have had a Nazi past, or that ex-Nazis again dominate the political stage. The contrary is true.

Anti-Semitism is being fought

Occasionally the Germans, and their allies, are given sickening reminders that the past is not entirely buried. An example was the rash of Swastikas and anti-Jewish slogans which, starting on the new Cologne synagogue on Christmas Eve, spread to many parts of the world, including Canada. Within Germany, only an infinitesimal minority took part; the vast majority was shocked and disgusted. Nevertheless, in view of recent history, it was especially repugnant that this obscene business should have had its start in Germany.

Before reading too much into these acts of desecration, one might usefully consider the observations of Gordon Donaldson, a correspondent of the Toronto Telegram who can scarcely be accused of charity toward the Germans. He has written: "All the Jews I talked with agreed that the Bonn government was doing its best to clamp down on anti-Semitism." He also quoted a prominent Jewish editor as maintaining that "there is less actual anti-Semitism in Germany today than in most other European countries..." although "the potential is there." While at the Canadian embassy in Bonn, I saw a depressing amount of anti-Semitic literature; all of it, however, was mailed from such countries as Sweden, the Netherlands and Argentina.

The Toronto Telegram recently accepted as true the East German Communists' charge that "1,000 Nazi death-dealers" are presiding in West German courts. The press, public and government in West Germany have also shown lively concern about reports that judicial officials are still active who once participated in savage decisions based on Nazi "justice." Such persons have been dismissed in the handful of cases where the charges have been substantiated; some are being prosecuted in the West German courts, as are many other individuals suspected of Nazi crimes. The Germans cannot be accused of having forgotten or forgiven those responsible for atrocities. Nevertheless, no responsible authority in West Germany, foreign or native, would be



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prepared, as is the Telegram, to accept the Communists' claims at face value; the highest authoritative estimate I have seen is that, instead of 1,000, up to a hundred of the 12,000 West German judicial officials may have participated in improper judicial proceedings under the Nazis, and they are being weeded out.

I am prepared to document further instances of one-sided inaccurate reporting on Germany from recent issues of all three Toronto dailies and Weekend magazine and from CBC broadcasts. I have never known in Canada such a spate of ill-based scare-mongering. I am told that other Canadian papers have also participated in this campaign, which was initiated by a segment of the British press. However, the reporters and editors should not get all the blame; they are obliging fellows, and clearly many of us, if not most, are eager to be told the worst of our former enemies.

Adenauer is no Rhee

Our hypercritical attitude to the Germans is reflected in comments one hears about Germany's 84-year-old chancellor. I am often asked, "What will happen when Adenauer goes?" About as often I hear the charge that he is a dictatorial and tricky old man, a disgrace to democracy. In fact he is inclined to be autocratic, especially in making foreign policy, and he can be unpleasant in political in-fighting. However, he is no Syngman Rhee. He is probably less autocratic than R. B. Bennett was, and either Mackenzie King or Duplessis could have taught him a few political gimmicks. The important thing is that Adenauer has good nerves, and is rock solid in his belief that Germany must earn and keep the confidence of the West. Nor am I very much concerned about his immediate successor. Ludwig Erhard, the Christian Democrats' heir apparent, is a better democrat, and as loyal to the West. So too is Willy Brandt, the courageous, hard-headed mayor of Berlin who will be the Social Democrats' candidate for the chancellorship in next year's elections. My guess is he will outpoll Adenauer. It will be no tragedy if he does.

Adenauer's popularity is a good indicator of the internationalist outlook prevalent in West Germany. He won majority support even though it is widely recognized that he attaches more importance to West European unity, and NATO, than to German reunification. Brandt's mounting popularity is similarly reassuring because he is known to have renounced his German citizenship during the Hitler period. He donned a Norwegian uniform for a time and returned to Germany after the war as press attaché in the Norwegian mission in Berlin. Not least of his assets is a stunning Norwegian wife. Brandt's views on foreign policy are close to those of Adenauer, and he is displaying similar qualities of leadership and steadiness.

Although newcomers to the game, and far from perfect at it, the Germans have in many respects made a greater success of democratic government than any other major nation in the years since 1948. This is not just a matter of skilled leadership. The German voter himself has displayed an encouraging degree of common sense, and a reluctance to bite at tempting but insubstantial bait. If all our allies were as steady and democratic as West Germany has been, we should have less cause to worry.

But are there no clouds on the German horizon? Are the Germans now confirmed pacifists and democrats, incapable of being led astray by nationalistic pied

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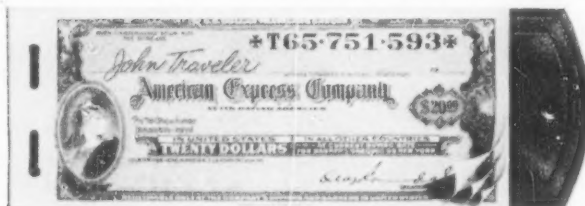
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pipers? Unfortunately, one cannot answer with a confident affirmative. For one thing, postwar Germany has not yet had to weather economic stress and strain. My guess is that it would now pass such a test. More worrisome are the problems created by the forced partition

of this vigorous, virile and potentially violent nation. While 17,000,000 Germans remain under Communist tyranny, there can be no guarantee against irrational, desperate action that could trigger World War III. When the East Germans revolted in 1953, there was no

CANADIANECDOTE



When Mackenzie King inspected opium factories

Even the phlegmatic Mackenzie King was, as he said, "somewhat surprised" by the turn of events that led him, in 1908, to make a formal inspection of two Vancouver factories producing opium for addicts throughout Canada.

In September 1907, white mobs, incited by the Asiatic Exclusion League, surged through Vancouver's Chinatown, smashing shop windows and terrorizing the inhabitants. The following spring, King, who was then deputy minister of labor, was appointed as a one-man royal commission to hear and evaluate the Chinese claims for damages.

King was impressed by the honesty of the Chinese, remarking in his report that they had "exercised moderation and a sense of fairness" in estimating their business losses, and he recommended payment of \$25,990 by the federal government. But the proprietors of two opium factories asked for \$600 compensation each.

"I was somewhat surprised at the presentation of (these) claims," he wrote. It was a revelation to him that the opium factories operated quite legally and were, in fact, licensed by the city for an annual fee of five hundred dollars apiece. There were, too, he discovered "three or four" opium factories in Victoria and one in New Westminster, "all of which were doing an extensive business."

King investigated the claims thoroughly and the owners of the

two plants proudly showed him the whole process of manufacturing opium. And, anxious to have King validate their claims, they each provided him with a profit-and-loss statement.

One plant, which had been in operation for ten years and employed ten workers, did a gross business in 1907 of one hundred and eighty thousand dollars and realized a net profit of twenty thousand. Its expenses included \$5,280 for wages and \$1,080 rent. The other plant, though longer established and employing more men, showed a smaller profit, partly because it paid higher wages.

Though the city of Vancouver obviously looked upon opium factories as legitimate business enterprises, King was shocked by his discovery. Not only did he advise against payment of the claims, he also urged the government to pass legislation at once to achieve "the eradication of an evil which is not only a source of human degradation but a destructive factor in national life."

In less than a month, on July 1, 1908, the first Canadian legislation on narcotics was passed. This was the Opium and Narcotic Drug Act, which made it illegal to import, manufacture, or sell opium, or to possess it for sale. Later, in 1911, when he had become minister of labor, King had parliament strengthen the act by banning the mere smoking of it.

—RAY GARDNER

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West German army. Now there is, and the 70,000,000 Germans remain a sentimental, emotional people. In our own interest, we should seek to avoid situations in which German policy might again be determined by resentment, fear or panic.

Such a situation would probably arise if the Germans came to believe that their allies were preparing to sell out to the Russians vital German interests, such as the right to reunification. They would be strongly tempted to get to Moscow first and make the best deal possible. Such a course would not be in the long-run German interest, but then resentment, fear and panic rarely inspire rational policy.

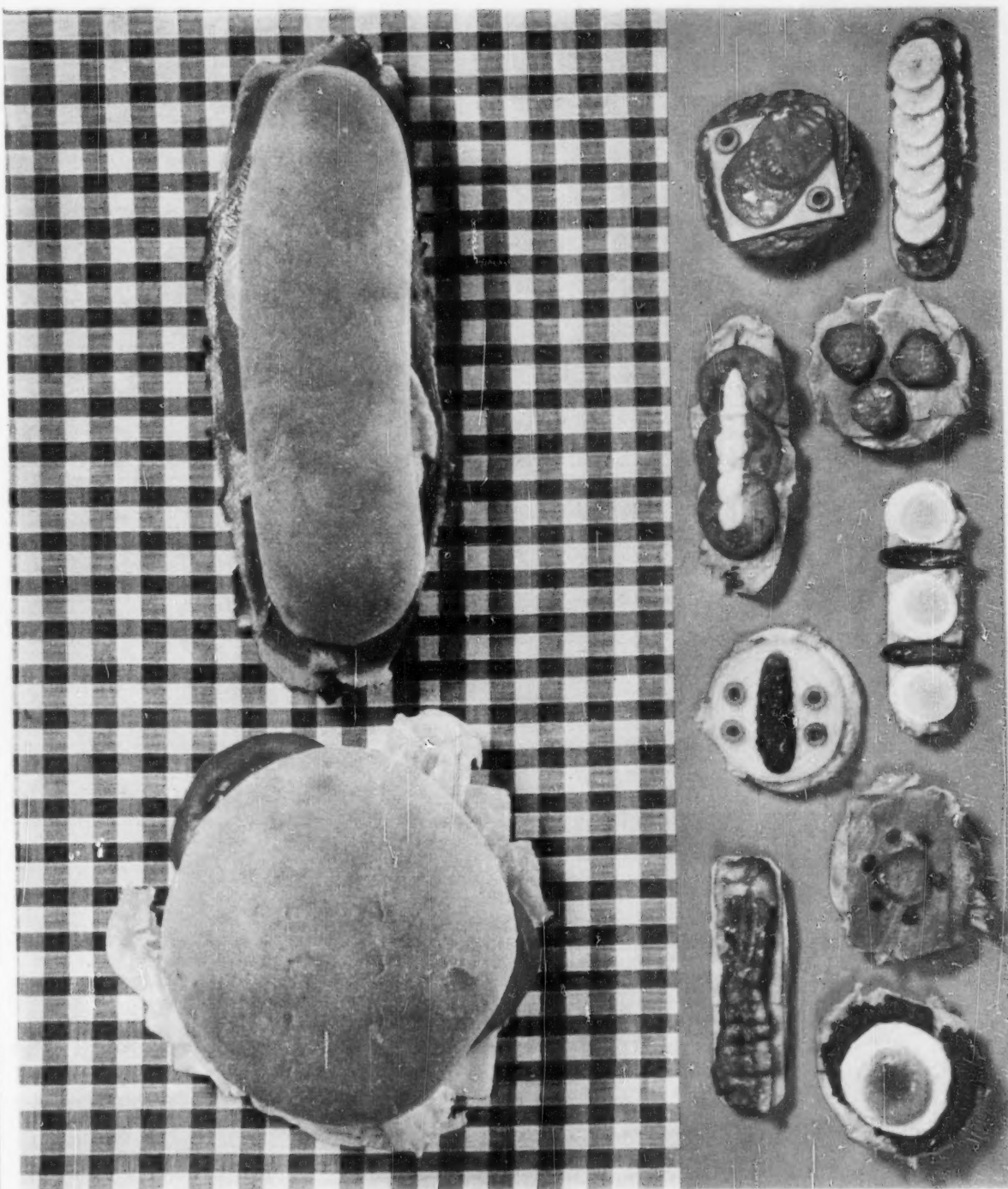
The West Germans believe they are now behaving as loyal, co-operative allies, and democrats. Most of them are trying to make amends for the past. When their efforts are met with blatantly inaccurate criticism, they are inclined to become mistrustful. Some have already raised the question whether the anti-German campaign in the British press isn't justification in advance of a sellout.

Fortunately, most of the Western allies have been immune to the current wave of anti-Germanism. The Americans still appear in German eyes as loyal friends. Even more reassuring has been President de Gaulle's attitude; he was expected to reverse the trend toward European unity based on a Franco-German partnership. Instead he has strengthened it. The loyalty to Germany of the other members of Little Europe — Belgium, the Netherlands and Italy — has also had a steady influence, and prompts the Germans to attribute most of the venom of the British press to commercial rivalry.

So long as the virulent anti-German campaign is confined to Britain and the Communist world — and Canada — the worst possibilities are unlikely to be realized. However, there could be other unpleasant consequences. For example, Germany and France are the dominant members of the new West European trading bloc; if we adopt a consistently hostile attitude toward the Germans, can we expect then to influence the policies of this bloc to avoid damaging our vital trading interests? Rightly or wrongly, we helped restore Germany to her present position where she can no longer be ignored or abused with impunity.

I may be partial to the Germans; I certainly am to those I came to know during the three and a half years my family and I lived as the only foreigners in the cheerful, bustling community of Beuel, the "laundry capital of the Rhine valley." But I do not plead "justice" for the Germans, nor do I expect everyone to share my sentiments toward them. In view of the crimes they committed against humanity, I censure no one for hating and fearing the Germans; no amount of unfair criticism could begin to match the evil done by them in our lifetime.

I base my case for fairness toward contemporary Germany not on justice, or sentiment, but on Canadian self-interest. I agree that some apprehension is warranted — the German situation does have its dangers. But the vital question is: how can we minimize these dangers? Certainly not by keeping up the present unwarranted abuse. Obviously hostile, inaccurate criticism fosters the resentments and fears in Germany that could fuel a new wave of irrational nationalism. An attitude toward Germany based on emotion would be understandable, but could also be catastrophic. Objectivity toward Germany is now a matter of elementary common sense. ★



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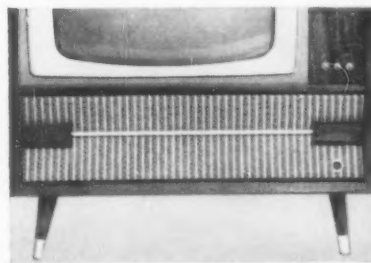
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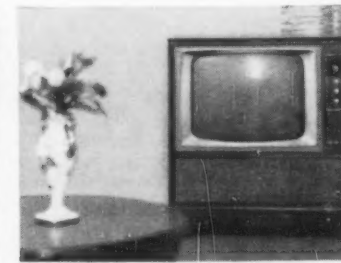
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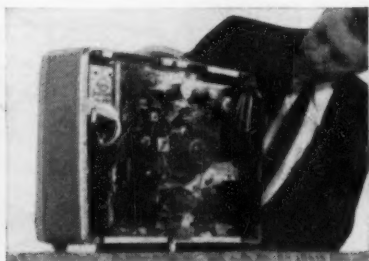
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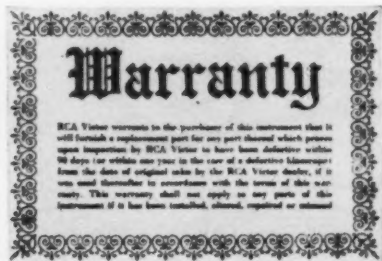
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✓ **How Lyon misquoted one "lying diplomat"**

✓ **What the churches should do to prevent war**

I was disappointed to see that Peyton Lyon (who should know better) believes that diplomats are "by definition . . . gentlemen sent abroad to lie for their countries" (Canada is becoming a mouse that roars, June 18). The correct version of this aphorism (coined, I believe, by Queen Elizabeth's ambassador to Bohemia) is that a diplomat is "an honest man sent to lie abroad for his country." In Elizabethan England, "to lie abroad" also meant "to live abroad."—JOHN M. FRASER, CANADIAN EMBASSY, BELGRADE.

Do we need color clashes?

Anonymous has missed the point (Why Negroes should stay in Africa: Canada's color problem is a white one, Mailbag, July 30). He believes that the early cave-man should have stuck to his cave since venturing forth might have brought him into contact with another cave-man against whom he might have been prejudiced. His letter denies the progress made by mankind, especially during the past few years, in living and working together. He would abolish the United Nations and what it stands for. He would advocate probably the shipment of all white-faced South Africans to Europe — the majority of the population in that country would certainly be in favor. But he would have to carry things still further and

ship all the Japanese back to Japan, the Chinese to China and white Canadians back to Europe. Heaven only knows what he would do with the millions of people of mixed blood who live in every part of the world. He advocates, in other words, the avoidance of all clashes, the killing of all progress in human relations



and the accomplishment of the impossible — the circumvention of human frailties no matter where they may appear.

Let's have the color clashes. Let's have the problems so that more and more people may reason through the blind hatreds and misunderstandings. For inexplicable reasons our society improves through constant struggle. Let's not cut it off when the goals to which we are unconsciously striving are in sight. Men of all races and colors and creeds must live and work together in peace and

mutual respect, unfettered and unbounded. There is no alternative. — D. E. W. RAPIER, SCARBOROUGH, ONT.

✓ He said what every thoughtful Canadian knows but is too prudent to admit. Concerning the immigration of non-Caucasians, the respectable Canadian audibly says one thing and silently thinks the opposite. While we glance with smug horror at South Africa, we observe with relief that our Indians and Eskimos are obligingly dying off.—NINA GREEN, OTTAWA.

✓ He is dead right, of course. Admitting Negroes to Canada would undoubtedly set off all sorts of sparks and release all kinds of hostilities. Perhaps they need releasing. But . . . the writer says that Maclean's has dubbed our immigration policy "unjust, un-Christian, unethical, and immoral." He goes on to agree that it is. He then claims that it is "also wise, far-sighted, realistic, and in Canada's best interests." Since when has it ever been wise, far-sighted or realistic to do what is unjust, unethical and immoral? — KAY PARLEY, WEYBURN, SASK.

✓ Permit me to join the ranks of those who, I hope, will write to congratulate you for holding the mirror before the community of Canada. — DONALD C. RADFORD, DARTMOUTH, N.S.

PM's residence once an office

In the PM's Puritan stand on MPs' pay — even his own (Backstage at Ottawa, July 16) Peter C. Newman states: "An official prime minister's residence was established in 1950, when the government

bought for \$140,000 the former Australian high commissioner's residence, at 24 Sussex Drive" . . . 24 Sussex Street (now Sussex Drive) was owned by my grandfather, the late Gordon C. Edwards, until it was expropriated by the government in 1946. It was never the residence of the Australian high commissioner. The house was, however, rented from the government by the Australian High Commission as an office for a short time — from the fall of 1947 until October, 1949, when the government finally gave its approval to have 24 Sussex Street as a permanent, official residence for Canada's prime ministers. — ELIZABETH GORDON EDWARDS, OTTAWA.

Nuclear war—the greatest sin?

In Our churches are damning the wrong kinds of sin (For the sake of argument, July 16) Dr. W. E. Mann pointed up several of the serious lacks in the church meeting the social challenges in the twentieth century . . . but he left out a most serious shortcoming on the part of most churches. The world is faced with total destruction by nuclear war unless the countries of the world disarm and work for a genuine peace. Christ did not hesitate to challenge governments, institutions and temples when they were acting immorally. Can the churches do less in the face of nuclear "immorality"? When the churches, Roman and non-Roman alike, unequivocally say that war is not the will of God then they will be damning the right kind of sin.—MARGARET CARTER, VANCOUVER.

✓ I was shocked to read his opening sentence whereby he refers to Islam as "enemy." This reveals his feelings of

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hatred toward a monotheistic religion so remarkably tolerant of Christianity of which fact innumerable examples can be cited from the Koran, the tradition of the Holy Prophet as well as from the history of Islam. I wonder how many of our Christian friends will endorse the views held by Dr. Mann. I have quite a few good friends of Christian faith and while agreeing on disagreements have always liked to emphasize those beliefs commonly held in both Christianity and Islam. I have never thought of them as my enemies: neither do they seem to share the feelings of Dr. Mann about Islam. — MUHAMMAD HASAN, SHELTER BAY, P.Q.

✓ What does Dr. Mann mean by our churches are damning the wrong kinds of sin? Are there any right kinds of sin? — REV. EDWARD MORLEY, RICHMOND HILL, ONT.

A more dangerous game

The Olympics' most dangerous game (June 4) by Dottie Walter was first rate. But that business of stopping a kicking



horse in a plane by holding its tail — well, don't count on it, Dottie. You had better duck or lose your pretty head! — J. W. MCROBERTS, M.D., SHEBOYGAN, WISCONSIN.

First Acadian premier

Peter C. Newman describes Louis Robichaud as the first Acadian premier (Backstage at Ottawa. What the provincial upsets could mean nationally, July 30). Another Acadian, Peter J. Veniot, took over the New Brunswick premiership around 1920. Doesn't anybody read — and remember? — STAN OBODIAC, TORONTO.

Editor's Note: Apparently not; Peter John Veniot, an Acadian, was premier from 1923 to 1925.

Alcohol and padre

Rev. A. J. MacLachlan (Let's stop coddling our alcoholics. For the sake of argument, July 30) displays a pronounced prejudice and therefore fails to see the problem in its entirety. In spite of his association with the medical and psychiatric professions, he succeeds in showing a woeful lack of understanding of the complications of alcoholism or any other emotionally or mentally induced illness. He condemns the "non-judgmental" approach toward treatment of alcoholism but furnishes no proof of any success of the judgmental attitudes of the past. To hear a person say that the confirmed alcoholic can "by his own efforts, rid himself of the drink habit," merely confirms that lack of understanding.

Since the condition is recognized as an illness by most of those dedicated to combating the scourge, it stands to reason that the patient must be convinced of his illness before he can be treated. It is admitted that it is more than a phy-

sical illness and that the medical profession does not hold the key to complete treatment, nor does it profess to do so. The psychiatrists have their approach to the problem but know that they can do little until the patient is physically fit. Spiritual counselors would do well to realize that the patient must have progressed sufficiently to realize his condition and its cause before he can be successfully counseled. Rev. A. J. MacLachlan's statement, "I believe that alcoholism is basically a moral and spiritual problem," shows a lack of understanding regarding

the necessary sequence of treatment. Perhaps some of the doctors are in agreement with that opinion but they recognize the importance of treating the physical man first. — CLYDE HALL, SASKATOON, SASK.

✓ I have been a patient at Brookside Clinic, Alcoholism Research Foundation of Ontario, for approximately one year and a half; this includes fourteen days as an in-patient. I have had sobriety for almost a year. I have never been given the impression that I was not responsible

for my behavior. As the result of psychiatric help, this past year has been one of controlled emotional growth. I do agree with Rev. A. J. MacLachlan that the spiritual side of our nature ought not to be ignored. Nor is the spiritual side ignored at Brookside. During a period of my sobriety, I was not prepared to consider this side of my life and would have balked at any attempt to make me do so. Recently, I have begun thinking along spiritual lines. I have been encouraged to do exactly this by my psychiatrist. —GEORGE M. NEWELL, TORONTO. ★

How Canadians plan for tomorrow



Today, young Buddy Adams became a "businessman" just like his dad

This morning, Buddy Adams was almost bursting with excitement. School was closed, and he and his mother were going down to his Dad's office—"to talk business," says Buddy. Then over to Canada Permanent, to open a savings account all his own!

"And what a businessman he was!" Kathie Adams told her husband Roy at supper. "He even asked the teller to take special care of his money, because he was saving for a new bike!"

Roy can well appreciate Buddy's excitement. He remembers his own first bicycle—and all the nickels and dimes he saved to help buy it. Now, he wants to teach Buddy the value of saving. "Of course, we'll make sure

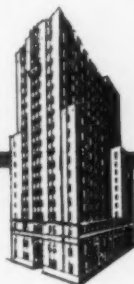
his account grows," Roy says. "But he must still learn to save for the things he wants in life."

Roy purposely selected Canada Permanent for his son's savings. As an accountant, he has often dealt with Canada Permanent and knows its long background in savings and other services. And he likes the excellent rate of interest Canada Permanent pays—"that's why we keep our family account there."

Like the Adams, *your* family probably has something special to save for... a trip, a new car, the children's education. And *you* will find it pays to save with Canada Permanent, where your money grows *faster* at a high interest rate, and your goals are reached *sooner*.

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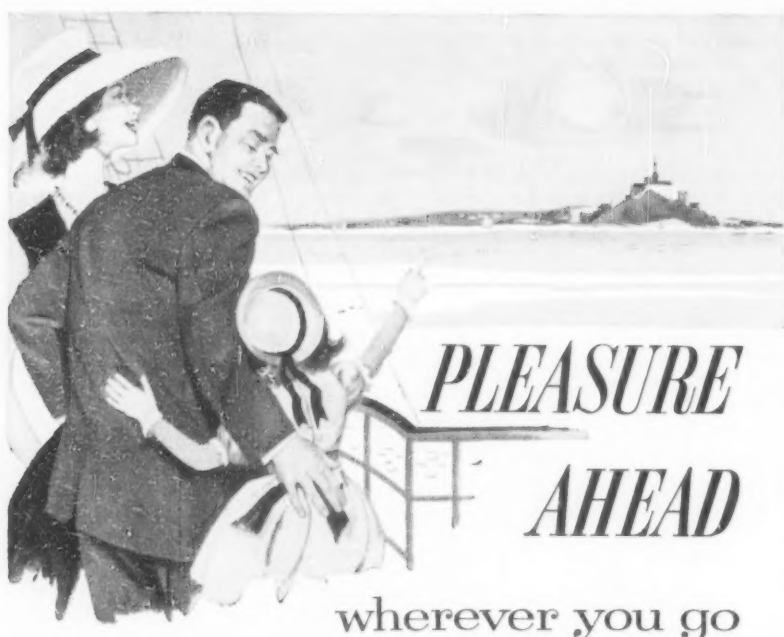
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Divorce detective

Continued from page 20

Accordingly, we went to the movies and promptly at eleven o'clock knocked on the door of a room containing Joe, Another Woman, a great deal of underwear draped prominently around on the furniture, and very little whisky. We felt that Joe had played this part of his role entirely too well, especially as it was with Bob's ration card that he had bought the whisky in the first place. We had a watery drink and left after a few minutes, and as soon as we got home I rang Peggy and told her that there was Something I Felt She Should Know.

Peggy started to giggle. "Some day I'm going to write a novella about you," she said, when I had finished, and then, changing rapidly into high gear, announced melodramatically: "This settles it. I shall see my lawyer in the morning."

By the time the Spring Assizes came up, I was several months pregnant, which we all felt would add a great air of respectability to the proceedings. My cousin lent me a hat to wear in court, and when our day came I featured a pyramid-shaped coat, in conservative navy blue with touches of white at the throat, and crisp white gloves. Bob looked handsome and concerned — Loyal Friend of Both — in his good suit, while Peggy was dramatic in black.

But her lawyer looked terrible. He met us at a side door of the courthouse with an expression of apprehension on his face that bordered on panic. He appeared to find our mood of enthusiasm altogether out of keeping for the solemn ritual that went into the dissolution of a marriage. Our affectionate, matey little divorce was a new one on him. He led us into a small room and lectured us severely.

He told us he didn't want one word of nonsense from any of us — looking, I fancied, rather pointedly at me. He said we were to keep our testimony as brief as possible and to stick to the truth without any embroidery or fancywork. He said that if the judge suspected one shred of collusion he would simply toss the whole case out of court and we would have had it. But luckily, he added, since we were not guilty of any collusion and as long as we stuck to the facts exactly as they had happened, this circumstance would not arise.

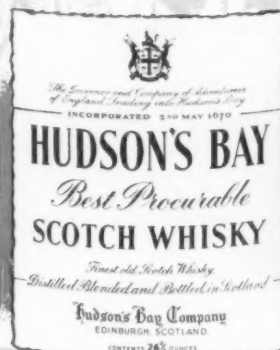
He didn't want to throw a scare into us, he concluded somewhat weakly, or make us nervous, but he wanted us to know that a court of law was a serious place. He himself looked excessively nervous. He was sweating like a horse.

Light-hearted we might have been. But we were not stupid. Furthermore, we had a certain flair for dramatics, and in spite of our lawyer's misgivings we did not commit perjury, were not accused of collusion, were not hurled holus-bolus together with the case summarily out of court. We did, in fact, conduct ourselves with the sobriety and decorum appropriate to such an occasion. In no time at all, to her lawyer's relief, Peggy was granted her decree nisi.

We went across the street to the old Albion Hotel to celebrate and also to telephone Joe. We felt that we had given rather outstanding performances and we agreed that Peggy's lawyer, in spite of his nerves, had been pretty good too. We decided to use him for all our divorces.

Six months later the final decree was granted. Within a year, Joe and Peggy both married. And they lived happily ever after. Not with each other. ★

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U. S. Report continued from page 10

There are such problems as the brothers Castro and Trujillo, the Benefactor of the Fatherland

in the OAS, it can rally behind it republics that currently enjoy seeing Uncle Sam have his beard twisted by the brothers Castro and their friends. According to these experts, while there is a real and growing desire in Latin America for social and economic changes that will raise living standards, there are far fewer Latin American Communists than the outsider might suppose from the sounds they make, and their movement is not as deeply rooted as they claim. Canadian influence, coupled with the new plan the U. S. has announced of financial, technical and other aid to Latin America, may in the opinion of the authorities be able to block further gains by the Communists in this hemisphere.

Cuba is, of course, the danger point at the moment. In an article published in *The Reporter*, A. A. Berle, Jr., a former U. S. assistant secretary of state, contends that "Cuba is just as much a Communist satellite as Hungary or North Korea."

As he sees it, Cuba is the spearhead

has not been an outstanding success.

Trujillo has been battling simultaneously with the clergy and the leftists of his country and with several of his Latin American neighbors, particularly President Rómulo Betancourt of Venezuela. As this is written, the OAS is considering a formidable string of complaints against Trujillo, among them a charge that he plotted to assassinate Betancourt, who was injured recently by a bomb.

Trujillo's days in power may be numbered (he's so worried about this that he's pretending he has turned over the driver's seat to others and has had himself appointed a delegate to the UN), but he's typical of some of the Latin Americans Canada will have to learn to deal with if it draws its chair up at the OAS council table. Trujillo, on the radio, has heaped on Betancourt a kind of abuse unknown in English-speaking countries. When Venezuela and the Dominican Republic broke off diplomatic relations last year, and Ecuador at the request of Venezuela moved into the Venezuelan embassy at Ciudad Trujillo, Trujillo had the building's light and telephone service cut off and an enormous ditch dug in front of it to stop vehicles from entering or leaving.

Such incidents are not rare in the banana belt, and the Organization of American States, a sort of hemispheric United Nations, has been settling them since 1890, the year it was founded (as the Pan American Union). In the last decade it has arbitrated a Nicaraguan invasion of Costa Rica, a Haitian allegation of an invasion by the Dominican Republic, a Dominican allegation of a Cuban invasion, a second border dispute between Nicaragua and Costa Rica, a border dispute between Nicaragua and Honduras, and, last year, the sortie against Panama from Cuba.

Apart from its activities as a peace-maker, it has been responsible for programs of medical, educational and technical aid and for cultural exchanges among the states of the Americas. It is financed jointly by the member states: the U. S. pays the most. Today, with the patience of the U. S. sorely tried, and the Communists anxious to provoke real trouble, the OAS faces its most severe test.

Canada, which has ignored the gnatsized conflicts that erupt periodically in the jungles, can't ignore the fact that the traditional immunity of the Western Hemisphere to non-American interference is being challenged. Nor can it ignore the fact that its closest and best neighbor, the United States, for the first time in all the years of OAS history earnestly needs an ally with Canada's strength and prestige.

That's what accounts for the hints dropped in the last few months by both Howard Green, Canada's minister of external affairs, and Prime Minister John Diefenbaker, about Canada's entering the OAS, and for the prevailing conviction in Washington that the hints will shortly be translated into an official announcement. ★

SAME OLD STORY

*My nerves are shot,
I'm in a rage,
I'm on the verge
of committing mayhem —
Last night I read
"Just one more page"
From twelve
to six-thirty a.m.*

MARILYN ROSS



of Soviet and Chinese propaganda and a potential military base. He implies, while he does not say so directly, that Cuba may be China's answer to Formosa. And he states that there is a scheme to "in-flame the entire Caribbean area and as much more of Latin America as possible with what incendiaries would call civil war." Berle adds that arms and supplies are being accumulated in Cuba for shipment to other Latin American countries and that jet strips are being built in secrecy — strips from which Russian MIG-15s could be launched.

While there is no evidence that the Cuban government was behind them, Cuba in the last year and a half has been the springboard for abortive attempts to invade both Panama and the Dominican Republic. Quick action by the OAS, which sent a five-man mission to persuade a hundred would-be invaders of Panama to lay down their arms, avoided bloodshed there. Rafael Trujillo, the Dominican dictator (who styles himself Benefactor of the Fatherland and Father of the New Fatherland), crushed the expeditions against his island republic but, as time goes on, is facing rising opposition.

Trujillo has bought space in Washington newspapers and run advertisements intended to convince the U. S. that he is a noble character whose sole intention is to foster political reform and social and economic justice. The Trujillo campaign

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Canadian canned fish and shellfish do not carry this Maple Leaf—but you can also buy them with complete confidence.

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One-scent postcards

A Victoria couple don't know which they've enjoyed more — the first dog they ever owned, or their first experience with boarding kennels when they parked the pup and went on an extensive motor tour. At checking-in time the kennel owner, a sweet soul, reminded them to be certain to send postcards to their dog. "Rub the cards well with your hands," she instructed. "The creatures feel so badly when there is no mail for them, and I put the cards in their kennels with them." For six weeks, coast to coast, they loyally rubbed postcards and mailed them home to their pooch. On the final card they wrote their first message. "See you on the twelfth." Back home they were greeted apologetically by the kennel operator. "I hope you don't mind but I read his last card so we would know when you were coming."

* * *

Some children go back to school eagerly, some reluctantly, but we bet the kids in one little Manitoba town — better left unidentified — will stop, look



and listen nervously before they cross the local schoolyard on opening day. For on closing day they were all told to go directly home when school let out, but a weary teacher who didn't emerge until after four found a lot of stragglers still loitering about. As she climbed into her car she rolled down the window to yell at them, then decided she'd had enough yelling at kids for one year — and gunning her car across the schoolyard she sent them scattering in all directions.

* * *

One instant after a woman driver turned the wrong way into a one-way street in downtown Toronto, traffic had seized up completely. Finally a policeman appeared, surveyed the scene and descended wrathfully upon the cause of it all — but she beat him to the punch with, "And where were you?"

After reading on this page that Florence Nightingale is a nurse in training in Glace Bay, N.S., a Parade scout in Winnipeg hastens to report that of-



fending motorists there feel particularly chastened when they find their traffic tickets signed by Constable John Law.

* * *

A London, Ont., youngster had been taken on a few familiarization visits to the dentist with various brothers but inevitably came the day when his own teeth needed attention. Reporting back to the family later he said, "The dentist stuck a needle in my jaw and then asked me if I wanted a drink of water, but I said no. I wouldn't drink that dirty water of his!" Pressed to explain where he got the idea the water was dirty, he declared, "Why everybody that drinks it spits it out, don't they?"

* * *

Montreal and Toronto are still trying to outrank each other as financial centres. But Montreal has been one up in Parade's account book ever since we received an eyewitness report that a member of a golf club there has his liveried chauffeur drive his golf cart for him.

* * *

Two signs pointing to the same store in London, Ont.: Henri's Hair Styling... Harry's Barber Shop.

* * *

It's always nice for the businessman returning from an out-of-town trip to get caught up on all the news of domestic goings-on, but one Toronto type we've heard from found the current family situation summed up for him in two notes on his nine-year-old son's bedroom door. The top one, in his son's writing, declared: "Mother not aloud in on account of she doesn't love me!!" Below, in his wife's hand, was the reply: "She does so love you. I just don't like snakes in the house."

* * *

Sign on a power shovel in Windsor, N.S.: "We dig you the most, man."

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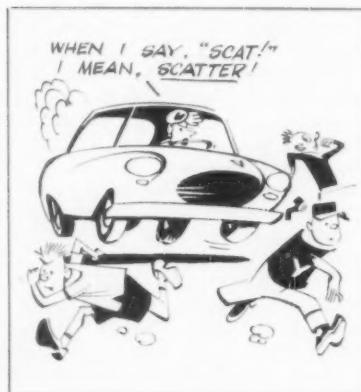
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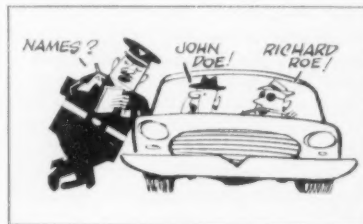


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Two signs pointing to the same store in London, Ont.: Henri's Hair Styling... Harry's Barber Shop.

* * *

It's always nice for the businessman returning from an out-of-town trip to get caught up on all the news of domestic goings-on, but one Toronto type we've heard from found the current family situation summed up for him in two notes on his nine-year-old son's bedroom door. The top one, in his son's writing, declared: "Mother not aloud in on account of she doesn't love me!!" Below, in his wife's hand, was the reply: "She does so love you. I just don't like snakes in the house."

* * *

Sign on a power shovel in Windsor, N.S.: "We dig you the most, man."

PARADE PAYS \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned.

Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ontario.



Taking the measure of well-built body quality



One of the sounds of Ford-built quality is a door that closes with the solid authority of a bank vault. And that "thunk" you hear owes a lot to the precision measuring operation shown above.

The quality control inspector in our picture is measuring door openings with a layout machine that is accurate within ten thousandths of an inch. This is a periodic check on regular production from the body build line at Oakville. It is one of the many things we do to bring you well-fitting, solid-closing doors.

At Ford of Canada, we carefully set up assembly facilities for precision manufacture. But that's not enough. To maintain this precision, the jigs and dies are subject to searching examination at frequent intervals. As well, every unit receives over 390 quality control inspections as it proceeds down the assembly lines. The end result of this care and attention is plain to see: Ford-built is well-built.

The Ford-built idea is aimed to bring you the quality never before believed possible in mass-produced automobiles. The evidence is at your Ford of Canada Dealer's. And he's prepared to see that your new Ford-built car will give you complete satisfaction.

FROM START TO FINISH FORD-BUILT IS WELL-BUILT

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